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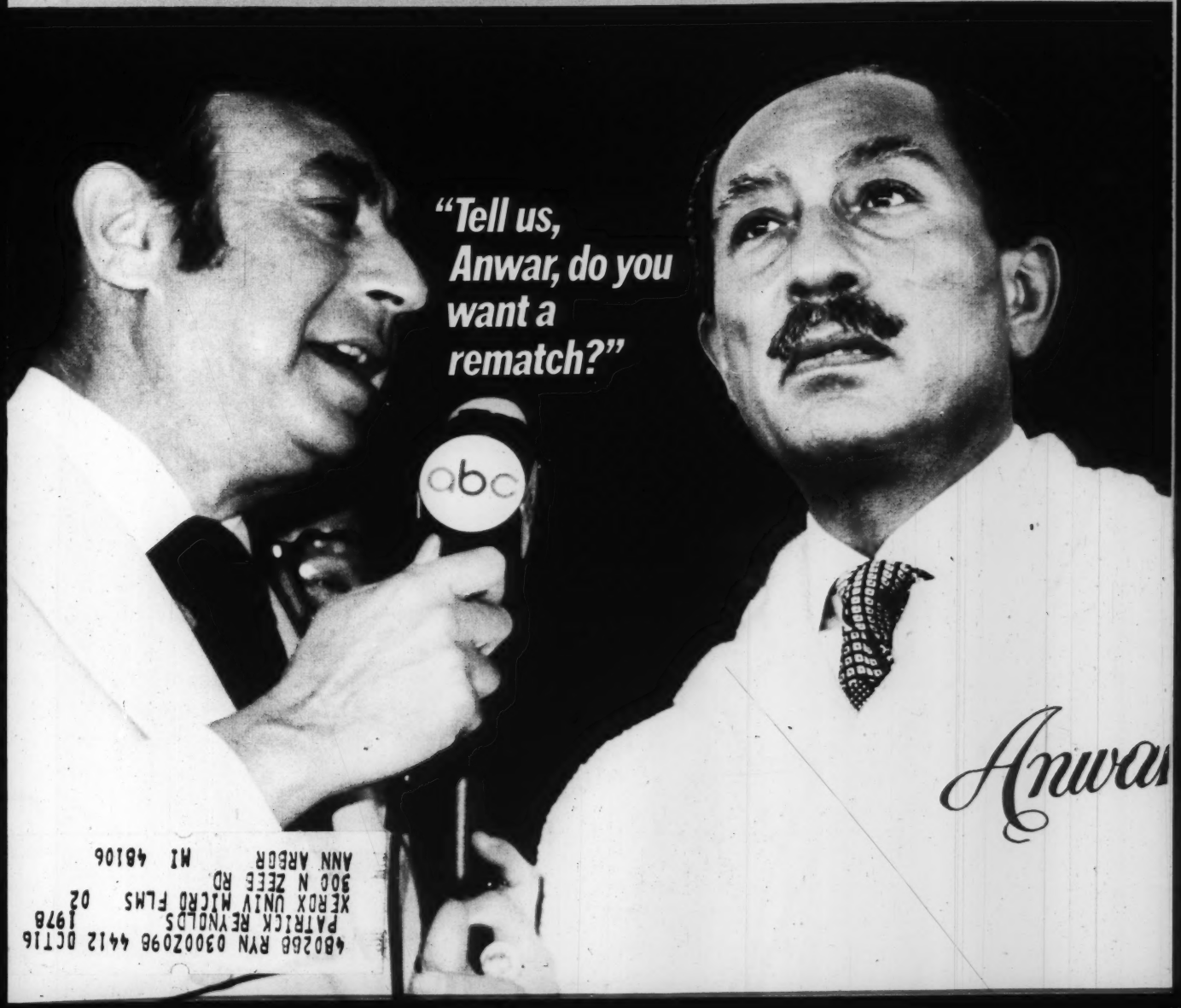
by Richard Levine



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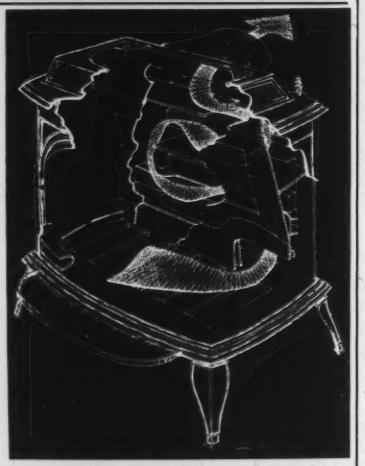

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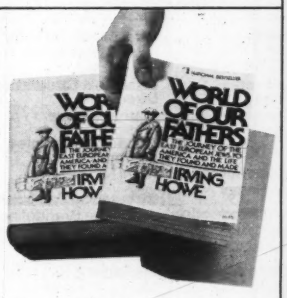

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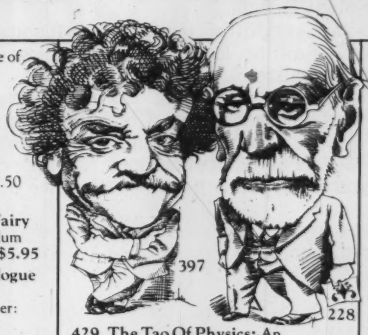

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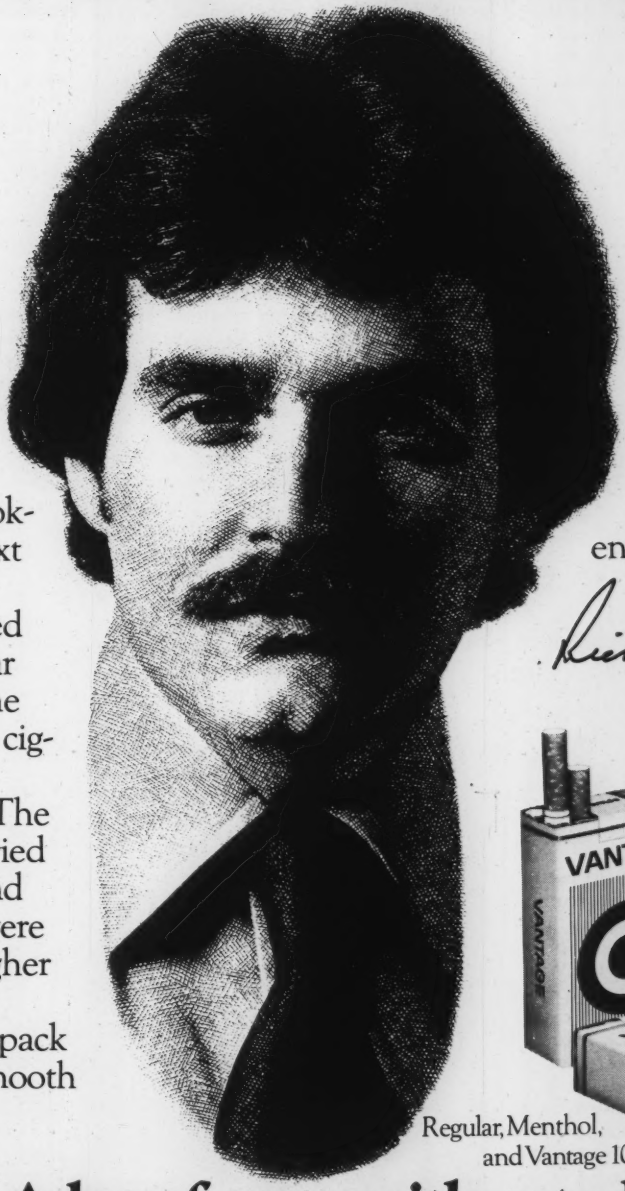

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Media/by Eric F. Goldman

THE SIXTIES, LIBERALLY SPEAKING

Two issues ago, New Times *published a "Party Lines" by Robert Shrum entitled "The Neoconservative Cop-out." In that column, he traced the rise and outlined the ideology of neoconservatism, a political creed that "offers an entirely new conception of limited government based supposedly on empirical evidence"—the failure of American liberalism in the sixties. In fact, Shrum argued, "the essential problem of the 1960s—and of 1977—isn't too much of the New Deal, but too many of the old deals.*

New Times *then invited Eric F. Goldman, a leading authority on American liberalism, to comment on Shrum's analysis. The author of* Rendezvous With Destiny *(a 25th anniversary edition of this award-winning study of modern American reform will be published by Vintage Books this month) and Rollins Professor of History at Princeton University, Goldman was Special Consultant to President Johnson from 1963 to 1966. In 1969 Goldman wrote* The Tragedy of Lyndon Johnson, *a memoir of his White House years and a history of the LBJ era.*

In his December 9, 1977, "Party Lines" column Robert Shrum hits hard at the detractors of American liberalism. I like that; I too am a liberal and weary of people who refuse to recognize how much it has contributed to human decency in the United States. But as for Mr. Shrum's specific argument—well, I'm afraid it seems to me a spirited, warm-hearted essay in avoidance.

His contention is that the present troubles of liberalism do not come from failures in the 1960s; rather "it's just never been tried." The social programs of that era, particularly the War on Poverty, needed far greater expenditures to have a real chance. Even with its "relative pittance," the War on Poverty achieved "a measure of progress." Mr. Shrum's chief devils are the "neoconservatives," "formerly liberal" intellectuals and politicos who are providing a "new" ideology for the business community's traditional urge to escape government authority.

Obviously, the War on Poverty and other social measures of the 1960s did score "a measure of progress;" undoubtedly, they would have achieved more if greater sums had been provided. Yet these considerations are hardly the point. Basically, the liberal programs have lost a good deal of their appeal because they stumbled too much and particularly by not seeming to provide a reasonable return per dollar spent.

Take the War on Poverty. I well remember the exhilaration of liberals like myself who were aides to President Johnson; this was what we had avidly sought for years. Then, all too soon, the evidence accumulated that the antipoverty armies were a bedraggled force, often poorly led, in places permitting a garish corruption, scoring merely a scattering of significant gains. Statistics concerning such enterprises are notoriously manipulable. Yet the enemies of the War on Poverty were probably not exaggerating a great deal when they clamored that jobless youth were being trained only at a woeful average cost of $8,000 a year and, worse still, with indications of a depressingly small percentage who would find and remain in productive employment.

Mr. Shrum's real devil is not a handful of "neoconservatives" but those millions of Americans out there who believe they have seen the future and have decided that it does not work. Endless pollsters and observers have been noting the marked swing of U.S. public opinion toward conservatism. Of course there are many reasons for this—including an age-old aversion of people to paying taxes for anything—but a prime cause is disillusionment with policies of the Great Society type. Men like Colorado Senator Gary Hart, campaign manager for McGovern in 1972, and Fred Wertheimer, of the liberal-oriented Common Cause, join in reporting a widespread "non-ideological skepticism about the old Rooseveltian solutions to social problems," a "wary, prudent mood among the public about the capacities and limits of government."

Actually, the skepticism was there even in high liberal places during the spectacular drum roll of Great Society legislation in 1964–65. Promoting social gains through massive federal programs has inherent difficulties—most notably, their far removal from the problems of a particular area and from the people who most understand and care about them. In 1964–65 one of LBJ's closest advisers and the President himself were taking keen interest in blueprints for the establishment of "regional social authorities" with considerable powers; the authorities would operate in-between local and state governments, which are inclined to do too little about social problems, and a Washington that tends to try to do too much, too helterskelter. Such White House thinking proved to be a victim of the Vietnam War. Yet the fact that this kind of possible future alternative to the Johnson program was

"Come, let us reason together": Goldman and Johnson in December 1963

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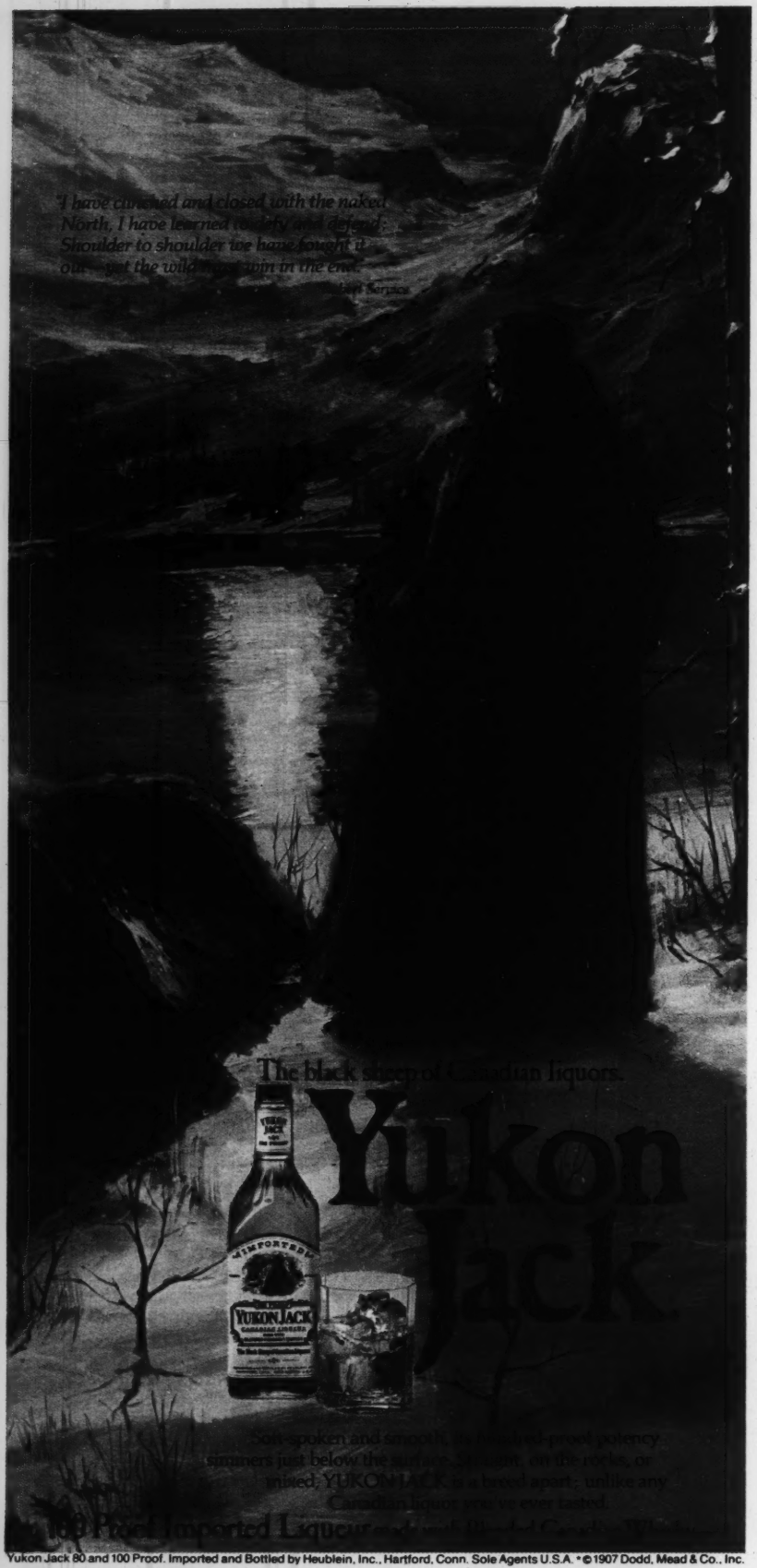

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being considered at all, and by some of the architects of the Great Society legislation itself, is another indication that Mr. Shrum is skirting around a serious problem of liberalism by setting up the unqualified formula: Social reform equals bigger spending for highly centralized mechanisms.

His avoidance of liberalism's deeper complications is made still more striking by his ignoring—except for incidental references—the movement's relationship to the squalid Vietnam War. It is not accurate to say, as one school of commentary delights in declaring, that liberals were the chief architects of the U.S. intervention. After all, the policy evolved under the influence of men of a wide variety of ideological bents and was brought to large-scale military operations by a Lyndon Johnson whose actions abroad derived as much from Alamo instincts as from any general type of thinking. Yet it is equally true that liberalism has never been at its best in the international arena; traditionally oriented toward internal affairs, it has tended, when foreign crises came, to snatch at prevailing doctrines about dealing with the world. Just such a process led a conspicuous, if limited, group of liberals to play important governmental roles in escalating the Vietnam conflict or to back it as part of the general public.

The Vietnam-proneness was increased by the fact that the movement had recently gone through the lashings of the McCarthy years. In a number of significant cases, domestic reformers, especially among the highly educated, emerged from the denunciations eager to prove that they could be just as hairy-chested, just as "practical," just as ready for the big stick against Communism as any bomb-brandishing politician unencumbered with a Ph.D.

If some liberals did not distinguish themselves getting into the Vietnam debacle, others managed still worse coming out of it. One room in the rambling house of liberalism has always been occupied by a simplistic isolationism. In the late 1960s liberals of this tendency filled the air with rococo arguments that the whole Cold War was the total, or almost total, contrivance of evil Americans and that the United States could best perform in the world by drawing back within itself. However muddled, the clarion calls went up to "understand" the type of left nationalist forces on the international scene that were both dangerously anti-American and vicious; to cut U.S. defense expenditures willy-nilly; perhaps even to abandon any intelligence organization.

And then there were the liberal professors—a minority, to be sure,

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The new Toyota Celica. It's here now. A car which meets or exceeds all 1980 Federal fuel economy and safety standards. The latest in Toyota engineering advancements and wind tunnel refinements have produced an aerodynamic work of art. The Celica GT Liftback (pictured), GT and ST Sport Coupes.

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THE 1980's CELICA

The beauty is value. The 1978 Celica GT Liftback delivers Toyota dependability and economy. In EPA tests the Celica GT Liftback was rated at 34 highway, 20 city. These EPA ratings are estimates. Your mileage will vary depending on your driving habits and your car's condition and equipment. California ratings will be lower. GT Liftback options are for personal taste. Like power steering, automatic transmission or the new sun roof (available Jan. 1978). The 1978 Celica. The car of the 80's here today.

YOU GOT IT.

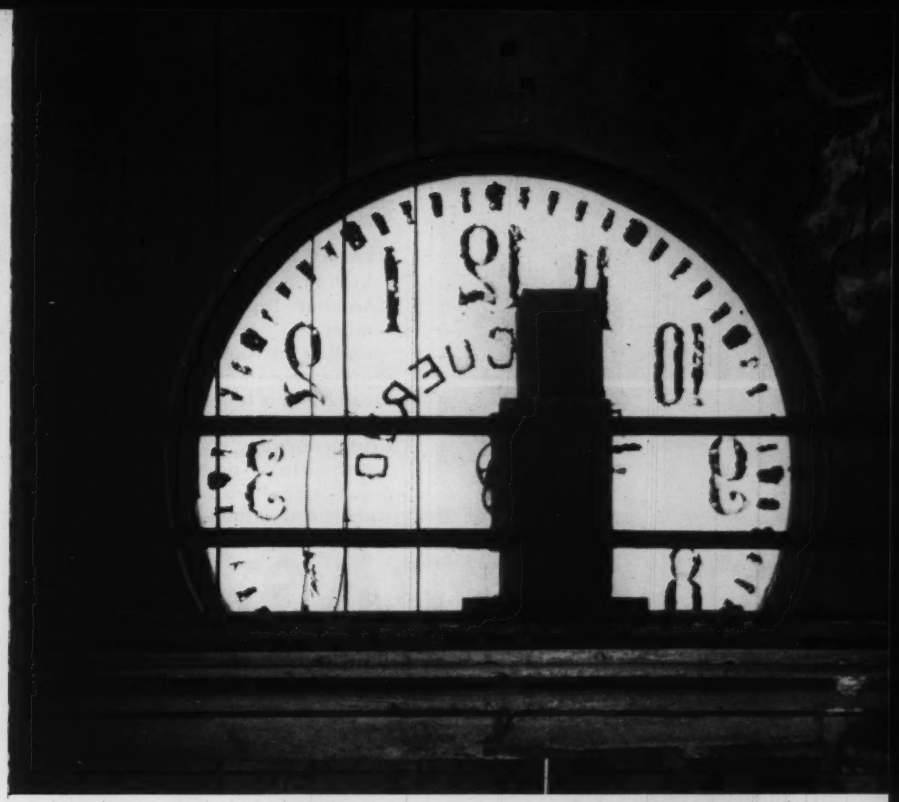
TOYOTA

among the liberals on university faculties, but a blaringly publicized one—who tried to restore their own sense of being young by acting like superannuated sophomores. They went along with the campus rebellion's entirely legitimate attacks on the Vietnam War and on the inanities and cruelties of an encrusted establishment; they went further. They gasconaded with the part of the student movement which proclaimed that a sane foreign policy and a kindlier America could be constructed out of egomania, drugs, apostrophes to something or other called "relevance," and a contempt for anyone who dared intimate that workable programs require the use of difficult rationality as well as easy emotions.

All of this did not help the American people; it did not help liberalism. For many liberals, and many more who never had any particular connection with the credo, the developments undercut what for almost a century had been liberalism's great strength: its moral authority. Through unending ups-and-downs, liberalism had summoned the nation to the needs of people versus the claims of property, to a justice mingled with compassion, to the crimson-shot vision that the most ordinary men and women have the right to material comfort, to walk in the tonic air of self-respect, to know a touch of joy in living. By the 1970s, the past decade's pirouettings of too many liberals had the effect of giving this whole tradition, however unjustly, a mezzotint quality, an aura of an irretrievable long long ago.

Like Mr. Shrum, I am unhappy at the present disarray of American liberalism. Perhaps going further than he would care to, I believe that a liberalism sufficiently self-critical and rethought might well achieve a renaissance in the not too distant future because it could represent for large sections of the population a least common denominator of their various self-interests and their gut feelings of what being an American should be like.

Sufficiently self-critical and rethought—the essential is to avoid the avoidance; to be ready to look in the mirror and see the warts; to recognize that over the long decades liberalism did not grow powerful and transform American life by consoling itself with devils or by luxuriating in certitudes of the past, even a past as recent as the 1960s. It is my sense—I could be entirely wrong—that such liberal soul-searching is very much under way in many parts of the country. If I am right, some day before the millenium Robert Shrum and I could be joining in a toast to a fresh era of liberal achievements—and mistakes. ●



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LETTERS

Voting for miracles

I felt Robert Shrum's article on Carter ("Another Bummer President?", November 25) was real sour grapes. The President is our diplomat at large, representing the American people and, for that, he is fine. We all voted for the outsider and, if we don't support him by writing our reps, it's not his fault.

For giving Andy Young an international voice, Carter clearly deserved my vote. If you wanted miracles, you should have voted for Jesus.

C. Ward
San Francisco

Who's minding the farm?

As a farmer's daughter, it's obvious to me that if A. Gallatin ever set foot on a farm, it was Knotts Berry (Dollar Signs, December 9). A mere four percent of the U.S. population produces all our farm products—A. Gallatin admits that a majority of this segment has gone into debt and would have been forced out of farming altogether if it weren't for the government's grain subsidies. Failure to support the new farm price subsidies is hardly thanks for the contributions farmers have made: adding a growing surplus to the balance of trade since 1960 and helping to pay for our oil imports. The farmer accomplished this in spite of such obstacles as Nixon wheat deals, Teamster strikes, and a vast rise in property taxes on farmland.

Barbara Raaz Sherman
Bloomington, Illinois

Oh, Geronimo

Thank you for printing T.D. Allman's "Geronimo Lives" (November 11). This very clear view into the barbarous crimes committed by our government in its cause of self-aggrandizement is a too-rare occurrence in New Times (admittedly nonexistent in its competitors).

No thanks to Jimmy Carter's human rights hypocrisy, perhaps your article will enlist enough support for Geronimo Pratt that his case will be re-opened.

Doug McKenzie
Berkeley, California

Another cancer controversy

In Ruth Rosenbaum's November 25 article, "Cancer, Inc.," Dr. Frank Rauscher, former director of the National Cancer Institute and now a vice-president of the American Cancer Society, was quoted concerning the value of early detection of breast cancer: "even with cervical and breast cancer, there is no good evidence that longevity is improved by early detection. . . . "

As the executive director of the Breast Cancer Advisory Center and the author of a book on breast cancer, *Why Me?*, I have received inquiries regarding this false information. There is considerable evidence that breast cancer patients diagnosed and treated early have a better chance to live longer than those who delay in seeing a physician about a possible symptom. Cancer cells grow exponentially and often there is a direct relationship between the size when diagnosed and the number of malignant lymph nodes subsequently found. I feel it imperative that Dr. Rauscher's statement be corrected.

Rose Kushner
Kensington, Maryland

Ruth Rosenbaum replies: I regret that Dr. Rauscher's statement on early detection caused confusion and worry to some; but that is what he said and, by all indications, what he meant to say. I too was startled by the comments of several ACS and NCI officials and scientists regarding the prospects of early diagnosis, given current methods of treatment. Dr. E. Cuyler Hammond, ACS' Vice President of Statistics and Epidemiology, for example, concurs with Dr. Rauscher on the questionable impact of early diagnosis, on the length of survival of cervical and breast cancer patients.

As a general health practice, early detection of any disease, when achieved without harming the patient, is obviously advisable. My intent was not to criticize this practice but rather the false, potentially harmful statements made about it by the American Cancer Society: "One-half of all cancer victims could be saved through early diagnosis and prompt treatment;" a "major percentage of cancers can be cured through early diagnosis." Such claims, I'm afraid, divert attention from the urgent need to follow through on current knowledge about cancer prevention, to begin active investigation of all promising treatment methods, and to develop safe techniques for early detection.

You like tomatoes

I am a new subscriber and was pleased to come across the results of the New Times Photo Contest in the December 9 issue. I wholeheartedly agree with the selection of First Prize, but did not see the merit in some others—the homosexual theme, the motorcycle mudfest or the dead beaver.

Oraston Brooks
Brooklyn, New York

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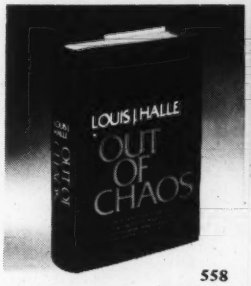

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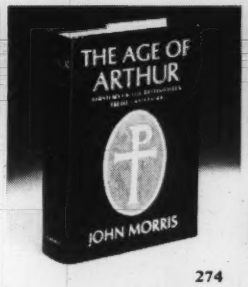

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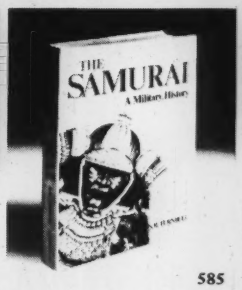

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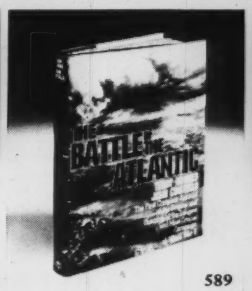

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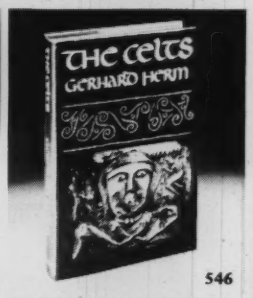

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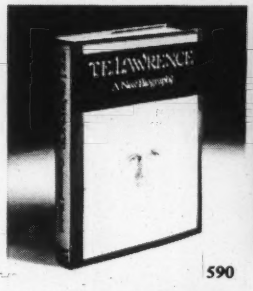

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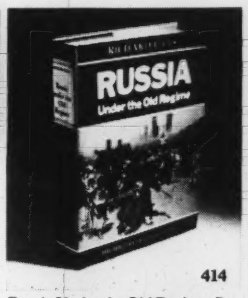

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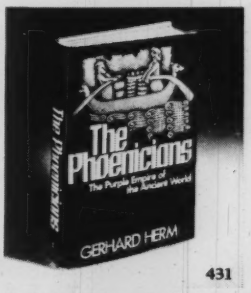

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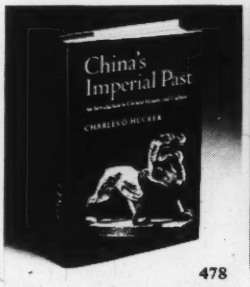

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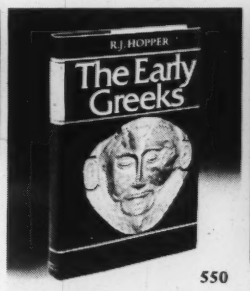

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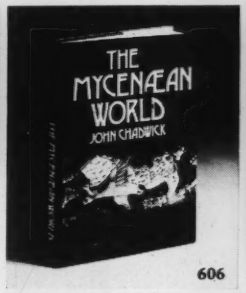

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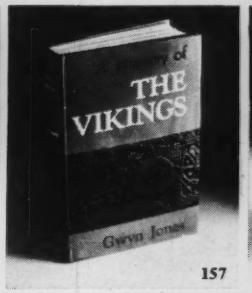

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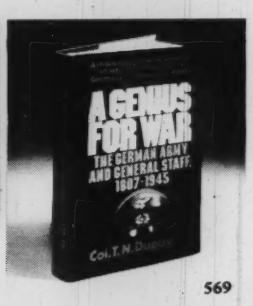

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The Insider

Politics

Good old buoyancy

Ranger in Paradise: Carter's New DNC Head a Texas Mondalian

It is the proverbial thankless job: little power, low profile and lots of piddling political squabbles. If you're chairman of the Democratic National Committee when the President is a Democrat, odds are, you'll be little more than a cypher of the White House.

None of that seems to faze John C. White. A Texan, with a big rep in his own state for being a party loyalist, White was dug up by West Wing aides to pull the national Democrats into shape. Aside from being a Mr. Good Guy Democrat, White's other expertise is agriculture. He was Texas Agriculture Commissioner for 26 years (an elective office, to boot) until he became Deputy Secretary of Agriculture in Washington last April.

The appointment sparked *some* enthusiasm from people in White's own backyard. A very liberal national committeewoman from Texas, Billie Carr, thinks White will be fine because he can get on with all factions: "He's managed to have John Connally, Bob Strauss and Billie Carr support him. But he's not running buddies with Connally the way Strauss is." White does have the common touch: sometimes he wears boots and roughed-up clothes. He prefers his beer at Schlitzes, an Austin beer garden, instead of the posher Quorum Club nearby.

But in New York, a disaffected committee member wonders whether such an unknown can regain the interest of rank-and-file DNC members: "The DNC has been ignored by the White House. The instinct is to help, yet it's so goddamned hard to help with Carter."

Basil Paterson, vice-chairman under Bob Strauss, finds the White appointment lackluster: it should have been an opportunity for someone young, or black, or Mexican or female.

White, 53, supported Adlai Stevenson in 1952, refusing to follow the lead of then-Democratic Governor of Texas, Allan Shivers, who switched to Eisenhower. White not only supported McGovern in 1972, he ran the McGovern campaign in Texas.

He inherits a party that is poor. Morale in all factions—among old party-stalwarts from Kennedy and Johnson days, among blacks, among Jews, and among reformers—is terrible.

But White has something in common with all of the alienated: he hardly knows Carter. He is in fact a Mondale ally. White's big boosters for the job were Mondale aides Dick Moe and Mike Berman, who remembered White from the vice-president's failed presidential bid. From Mondale, White went on to run Senator Lloyd Bentsen's presidential effort, then supported Hubert Humphrey, and for his fourth choice arrived at Carter's campaign.

Christmas week, the new chairman met the President for the first time. It was the day before his appointment—yet to be ratified by a full DNC meeting.

He asked, and said he received, a free hand to hire and fire whom he pleased at the largely overstaffed, undermotivated party headquarters on Massachusetts Avenue. He inherits a Carter staff and may have his first showdown with the White House on a proposed 25 percent cutoff rule for Democratic presidential primaries. Mark Siegel, Bob Strauss' DNC executive director, now a Carter assistant (and the man who orchestrated ousted chairman Ken Curtis' demise) is pushing the proposal. When John White ran Lloyd Bentsen's campaign he fought a similar proposal in the State legislature for the Texas primary. Now he'll have to face his new friend, the President.

—Jane Perlez

WIDE WORLD

White: What a swell party this is

HACKING THROUGH THE WASHINGTON BRUSH

Walt DeeCee's Federal Fairy Tales

Hyperactive child:
Mark Siegel, the Hamilton Jordan assistant instrumental in getting rid of Democratic National Chairman Ken Curtis and pushing a showdown with the new chairman (see John White profile in this neighborhood), has also dragged out his choice to serve as National Committee Executive Director under White: Terry O'Connell. Not only will this keep a White House staff eye high in the Committee, but it will warm up the Jackson wing of the party—O'Connell worked the Scoop campaign. He ran California for Carter in the 1976 general election and lost it; he also directed Bella Abzug's campaign for Mayor. •

Fighting the z's:
Two weeks ago, creative translator Stewart Seymour was punished for his few charming Polish mistakes, but the way President Carter's speeches have been received lately, maybe he should be brought on as a writer for good. Press Secretary Jody Powell has been pushing strongly for an improvement in the President's talks—generally more potent than Sleepytime tea, Jerry Ford or Seconals.

Carter had abandoned his chief speechwriter James Fallows and his staff, insisting instead on composing his own soliloquies. Fallows is now being put back on the case, and the first artichoke he's being assigned to peel is a big one: Carter's State of the Union address, to be delivered later this month to Congress. "Listen to it," says a White House aide. "You'll notice the difference—I hope." •

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Here is a car for the automotive future. With dynamic styling inside and out. Comfort for five passengers, yet fuel and cost efficiency for the years ahead. A car realistically priced for today. The new Futura. Before you consider any other car available today, read on...

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Futura is a car engineered to hold down the costs of maintenance. Ford estimates that with automatic transmission and Futura's standard engine, 50,000 miles of scheduled maintenance will cost only about $150. (* Based on Ford labor time standards, a $14.50/hour labor rate and Ford's suggested parts prices in effect Aug., 1977.)

33 MPG (hwy) 23 MPG (city)

Futura's EPA mileage estimates—with 2.3 litre engine and manual 4-speed—are the highest of any car in its class. Of course, your actual mileage may vary depending on how you drive, your car's condition and optional equipment. Calif. ratings are lower. Futura is also available with 3.3 litre 6-cylinder and 5.0 litre V-8 engines.

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Futura's sticker price excluding taxes, title and destination charges.

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The new Futura.

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Armand Hammer's Seen the Fuel Of the Future and It's Shale Oil

One of the great guessing games being played by energy "experts" in Washington centers on the amount of oil left in the ground, and how much time we have before the wells run dry. There seems to be some disagreement: estimates run anywhere from ten years to over three centuries.

UPI

Hammer: Go directly to shale

James Schlesinger, Secretary of Energy, uses CIA figures to stress the urgency of passing President Carter's energy program. The CIA estimates that we've only got about ten years left.

But who believes the CIA anymore? An energy-industry spokesman called the ten-year calculation "a fable for children." And even Senator James Abourezk (D–S. Dak.)—who led the Senate filibuster against the deregulation of natural gas—took a dim view of the Schlesinger/CIA estimate, calling it "a political hammer" being used by the Administration to intimidate Congress. "We have plenty of oil," the Senator said.

The U.S. Geological Survey calculates that we have about 50 years' worth of oil in the ground at the present rate of consumption; scientists with the United Nations estimate that present oil supplies will last 100 years.

However, energy experts point out that there are alternate methods of extracting oil which could radically change this gloomy picture.

The most tantalizing method is the extraction of shale oil. The United States has an estimated *two trillion* barrels of shale oil reserves, enough to provide for this country's oil needs, at present rates of consumption, for over three centuries.

The thing that's holding them back is money. Shale oil is extremely costly to extract, even with what we consider high OPEC prices. However, MIT Professor M. A. Adelman, one of the nation's foremost energy economists, believes "if OPEC insists on raising the price to $25 [a barrel], and if companies think there's money in it, why, shale oil will be brought forth in abundant amounts. At $12.50 or at $14.50 [the present rates], it won't. But at $30, why sure, yes indeed."

Anticipating this turn of events is none other than Dr. Armand Hammer, the entrepreneur's entrepreneur. He has invested a sizable amount of money in a project which involves "in situ" combustion—setting fire to the shale below ground—as a means of extraction. (Shale oil is derived by "cooking" the rock, which forces the oil out.) While the results of Dr. Hammer's work won't be known for several months, oil companies are watching the project closely. As one oil company executive put it, "Usually people don't take him seriously. But it's the old story: maybe the old fakir really has something going."

—Josh Martin

The Silent Press Conference:

Mr. Rizzo—First question? "Sounds like...'Lime'...'Lime Mints' ...'Lime Mints Scent'? I've got it! I'm innocent!" Great! Next...

What the calculator is to the math student, a new machine may soon become to journalists, law-enforcement officers, even politicians. It's called a Hagoth, is about the size of a small tape recorder, costs $1,500, and is alleged to distinguish between truth and falsehood.

It can be hooked up to a telephone, a tape recorder or a TV set; according to Rick Bennett, president of Hagoth, the machine is "One-hundred percent effective because the subject is unaware that his responses or statements are being analyzed."

DENNIS BRACK/BLACK STAR

Carter: Detector went wild

Bennett has "field tested" the Hagoth against some well-known politicos. It went wild during the Ford–Carter debates, mostly when Carter was talking. Interestingly, Carter displayed the most stress when speaking on those very issues that now haunt him: the economy, unemployment and welfare. Concludes Bennett, "Carter was telling the American people what he wanted to hear." As for Ford, the former president fared much better, except when speaking about the sea launch properties of the cruise missile. Bennett's advice to budding investigators: check to see if the sea launch program is having difficulties. •

THE INSIDERS: CLOAK AND DAGGER GO TO ISMAILIA

By Bobby London

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Media

1977'S LAST GREAT HEADLINE

The Philadelphia Inquirer

Thursday, December 22, 1977 — 15 CENTS

Rizzo Sees Leftist Plot on City

Begin's proposals detailed

Troop 'enclaves' on West Bank

Says it's a plan to 'frame police,' embarrass him

David W. Marston

Marston, D.A. to unify police probe

The *Inquirer*: In Philadelphia, nearly everybody reads the *Bulletin*, though by Friday it might be *The Daily Worker*

Play no Thus Spake Zarathustra *for me*

Sci-Fi Hops on Screen, Flops on Tube; Trekkies Take It On Chins

The long-awaited television sci-fi boomlet may be dead before it even gets off the ground. Despite the record-shattering successes of *Star Wars* and *Close Encounters* from coast to coast, network executives have actually shut down the few futuristic projects already in the can.

Perhaps the most lamented loss will be that of the abortive *Star Trek* series (*NT*:November 11, 1977) planned by Paramount Television and killed late last month, because of an alleged "soft market for science fiction."

"It's goddamned Paramount's fault," a former *Star Trek* executive complained bitterly. "They've gone through two or three executive changes since Gene [Roddenberry] has been there. Those people don't know what science fiction is, even if a flying saucer came down and picked their noses."

Paramount says there are still plans for a *Star Trek* feature movie, although corporate sources report that the series cancellation bodes ill for any *Star Trek* revival. Other attempts to put sci-fi on the tube last year have already been cancelled, including NBC's *Man from Atlantis* and CBS glittery *Logan's Run*.

"We were told that science fiction couldn't do well unless it got an immediate following," says a disappointed Tony Roberts, coproducer of the late *Logan*. "The network (CBS) is running so scared that they'll cancel at the slightest provocation." ABC spokesman Bill Saul says his trend-setting network's only sci-fi lunge this year will be in the form of bionics.

In fact, the only sci-fi in the offing this season will be NBC's new *Project UFO*, produced by former super-cop Jack Webb. The show, however, is not likely to win any friends in the outer reaches of the galaxy, since it is of the records of the Air Force's "Project Blue Book," whose job it has been to prove there are no encounters of any kind. "It is," says one network executive, "a built-in downer."

—Joel Kotkin

Gentlemen Prefer Boys

24 Men Indicted for Abuse of 70 Boys in Boston Hired-Sex Ring

Just as Anita had promised.

Two weeks before Christmas, District Attorney Garrett H. Byrne announced that a Suffolk County (Mass.) grand jury had indicted 24 men on sex charges involving some 70 boys 8–13 years of age. Seventeen, he said, had been participants in a sex-for-hire ring which had operated for several years in Revere, a working-class suburb of Boston; the remaining seven were charged with individual offenses.

The details warranted indignation:

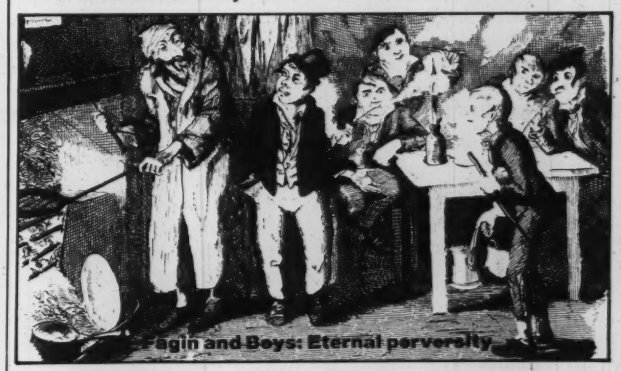
- Several of the boys, it developed, were wards of the state Department of Public Welfare who had been placed in foster homes.
- Many of the youngsters involved in the Revere ring had allegedly been seduced into homosexual acts with marijuana, beer and heterosexual pornography.
- Several of the defendants had allegedly provided boys for sex at rates ranging from $30–$50; their clients had come from as far away as Miami and Michigan.
- Many of the defendants were surprisingly well-educated. One, Dr. Donald M. Allen, was a child psychiatrist in the exclusive Back Bay section of Boston; another, Arthur P. Clarridge, was retired assistant headmaster of the Fessenden School, the prestigious private school which Howard Hughes and Ted Kennedy once attended; another, James P. Dallman, was a teacher at the same school; a fourth, George Driefus, was a psychologist and consultant to the Lindemann Mental Health Center in Boston; and a fifth, Roger E. Spear Jr., was the president of an investment firm.

The defendants faced a variety of charges including rape, sodomy, committing an unnatural act, and indecent assault and battery.

Byrne announced that a special hot line had been set up to accept information on related offenses, and the number was promptly swamped with more than 100 calls; among the first to be implicated was a local minister.

Seventies

It was a sexual spectacle which made gay rights activists wince. State Representative Elaine Noble, an avowed lesbian, told reporters, "Gross personal abuse and affrontery on innocent children is a sacrilege of the highest order . . . We will not tolerate or in any way condone . . . such deviant, defiant behavior."



Fagin and Boys: Eternal perversity

CULVER PICTURES

But, a short while later, a small group of gays was demonstrating in front of Boston City Hall; the hot line, they said, created an "oppressive atmosphere" for gay youths who needed "the emotional support" of gay men.

Within a few days, D.A. Byrne and his 24 alleged homosexuals had inadvertently succeeded where Bryant's long-running crusade had failed. •

—Craig Waters

Oedipal wrecks

Married Women Prefer Young Boys

EUGENE ANTHONY/BLACK STAR

Pat and the girls: Wouldst they needed an occasional shave

The women's movement notwithstanding, only one-third of married women in the U.S. prefer having daughters. Half want sons and a mere 19 percent desire a balanced family with at least one child of each sex. And the younger the woman, the greater the chance that she prefers sons.

These are some of the surprising findings from a nationwide government survey of 6,900 wives, 15–44 years old. Husbands' opinions were not solicited.

Education, income and occupation have slight impact on women's preferences, but race, religion and ethnic background do. Blacks have a stronger desire for male children than whites, while Catholics, especially those with a Spanish background, prefer girls to boys. Working wives, who can be considered more "liberated," are nevertheless more likely to prefer sons than wives who stay at home.

Researchers at the University of Michigan's Population Studies Center say the most unexpected finding was the modest desire for a balanced family. The preference for boys, they say, is consistent with worldwide patterns. In some countries—notably Korea and Taiwan—about 90 percent of the women prefer boys. —*Larry Frederick*

Laetrillians united

Sloan-Kettering's Grand Old Doc Stands Up for Almighty Apricot

In 1975 evidence surfaced that Sloan-Kettering Institute (SKI) had suppressed positive cancer-inhibiting results from animal tests run by internationally renowned cancer researcher Dr. Kanematsu Sugiura. The drug in question was amygdalin, better known as laetrile, the apricot-pit extract which has become a medical *cause celebre*. The official defense was that Sugiura's results were "spurious," had not been duplicated by other scientists, and therefore were not worth mentioning.

But last month a group of SKI employees, including scientists, charged in a detailed analysis entitled "Second Opinion" that other tests at SKI *had* yielded positive results with laetrile and that SKI's June 1977 report—supposedly the final word on animal testing of laetrile—contained numerous misrepresentations and omissions.

Mind & Body

While the question of laetrile's efficacy is still up in the air, SKI is definitely down in this second round of alleged coverups. First, science writer and assistant director for public affairs Ralph Moss was fired after revealing that he was one of "Second Opinion"'s authors. By no means a laetrile advocate, Moss objected to the original report's lack of scientific objectivity.

While SKI officially claims that "Second Opinion" cited only "insignificant errors" and drew "irresponsible" conclusions, Dr. Chester Stock, SKI Vice President and first author of the laetrile report, concedes that one of the errors was "intellectually dishonest"—the report falsely stated that many chemotherapeutic agents had succeeded where laetrile had failed in tests with spontaneous tumors.

Meanwhile, Dr. Sugiura, who has been with SKI for 60 years, recently wrote a letter in support of "Second Opinion." Dr. Stock, along with others at SKI, dismisses this with a stab at Sugiura's 86 years: "Old age catches up with us at times . . . I don't feel he is qualified to judge the 'Second Opinion' report."

No one has yet explained why, if Sugiura is mentally vague, he is entrusted to do full-time lab research and testing and recently was even asked to test an amygdalin-related compound, prunasin. •

CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE... OH, NEVER MIND!

Two hundred years into the Industrial Revolution, you'd think Western man would be adjusted to crowding. It appears he isn't.

At a Rutgers University lab in New Jersey, psychiatrist Paul Lehrer simulated a crowding situation similar to that on a rush-hour New York subway. He recorded the volunteers' physiological responses on a polygraph and collected observations not only from the volunteers but from staff colleagues who were part of the crowd.

The findings indicated that most of the subjects experienced accelerated heart rate blood pressure, respiration rate, and sweating. Particularly interesting—and disturbing—was the fact that when the crowding continued for long periods, the signs of stress didn't abate. In other words, the people did not adjust to the crowding, but kept reacting in such a way as to continue straining their cardiovascular systems.

"The tension experienced in a public place would be even greater than what we're measuring in the lab," comments Dr. Lehrer. "On a subway, for instance, there would be increased stress because of noise, heat and exhaustion. What we've measured is really the minimum of heart damage that could result from crowding." •

Subways: Not for napping

UPI

Fill out this coupon and save the children

Complete this simple questionnaire, and befriend a needy child through Save the Children. For only fifty-two cents a day, your money, combined with that of other sponsors, can breathe new life into an impoverished village... help hardworking people in their fight for dignity... turn despair into hope for a child who has known only disaster. Fifty-two cents may not buy much where you live. But for the poorest of the poor where the need is so desperate, it can work miracles. NT 1/8

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Tell us how you want to help, by answering these questions:

1. What kind of child would you like to help?

☐ Boy ☐ Girl ☐ No preference

2. What geographical area are you interested in?

Urgent need exists in all the areas listed below, especially overseas. If you have a strong preference for a particular location, check the area of your choice. If not, won't you please let us assign a child where the need is greatest?

☐ **Certainly. Choose a child for me in an area of greatest need.**

I strongly prefer:

☐ Appalachia (U.S.)
☐ Bangladesh
☐ Chicano (U.S.)
☐ Colombia
☐ Dominican Republic
☐ Honduras
☐ Indian (Latin America)
☐ Indian (U.S.)
☐ Indonesia
☐ Inner Cities (U.S.)
☐ Israel
☐ Korea
☐ Lebanon
☐ Mexico
☐ Rural South (U.S.)
☐ Upper Volta

3. Would you like a picture of your sponsored child?

Shortly after we select a child for you, we can send you a photograph and brief personal history, if you desire.

☐ Yes ☐ No

4. Would you like to exchange correspondence?

If desired, correspondence can build a meaningful one-to-one relationship and provide a unique educational experience for the sponsored child. In areas where illiteracy is high, a village representative will keep you informed of the progress your child is making. Translations, where necessary, are supplied by Save the Children.

☐ Yes ☐ No

5. Would you like information about the child's community?

Several times a year you can receive detailed reports on the activities and projects being undertaken in the community to benefit your sponsored child. These community reports show how your money is being used most effectively for permanent improvements to the child's environment—for health care, education, food production, nutrition, and community training. Would you like to receive such information?

☐ Yes ☐ No

6. How do you wish to send your sponsorship contribution?

Enclosed is my check for $_____ .

☐ Monthly, $16
☐ Quarterly, $48
☐ Semi-annually, $96
☐ Annually, $192

7. Do you wish verification of Save the Children credentials?

Save the Children is indeed proud of the handling of its funds. Based on last year's audit, an exceptionally large percentage (78.1%) of each dollar spent was used for program services and direct aid to children and their communities. Due to volunteered labor and materials, your donation provides your sponsored child with benefits worth many times your total gift. Would you like to receive an informative Annual Report (including a summary financial statement)?

☐ Yes ☐ No

(A complete audit statement is available upon request.)

8. Would you rather make a contribution than become a sponsor of an individual child at this time?

☐ Yes, enclosed is my contribution of $_____.

☐ Check here for general information about our unique programs for aiding impoverished children.

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Established 1932. The original U.S. child sponsorship agency. Member of the American Council of Voluntary Agencies for Foreign Service.

photo: Bentley Kassal

POST-ABORTION BABIES ALIVE, KICKING

Antiabortionists have just lost one of their few nonideological arguments: that abortions cause serious physiological problems if a woman later decides to have a child. It causes no such problems, an exhaustive study at the University of Washington medical school shows.

Reviewing the case records of 4,900 pregnancies handled at University Hospital in Seattle, researchers found that women who previously had abortions were no more likely to have miscarriages or malformed babies than women who never had abortions. Nor were the rates of premature delivery, low birth rates, or the incidence of general complications any different

If anything, the researchers said, women who had had abortions tended to have *healthier* babies.

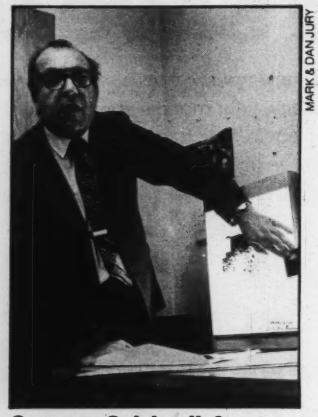
—*Larry Frederick*

PostScripts

Capurro Safe at Home as Jury Springs Him from Charges

Dr. Peter Capurro, the Maryland pathologist who single-handedly documented a local industry-linked cancer epidemic (*NT*: December 9), was vindicated last month when a jury found him innocent of the $2.5 million libel claim lodged by his corporate adversary, the Galaxy Chemical Company.

The case presented a strange reversal of roles and was believed to be the first in the country in which an industrial firm embroiled in an environmental-cancer battle turned the tables and sued one of its accusers. Pointing to the danger inherent in the suit, Capurro's defense attorney, Wilbur Preston, admonished the jury to "think of what [a guilty verdict] will do to anyone else who sees true facts and wants to publicize them."



MARK & DAN JURY

Capurro: Quick relief

The "true facts" that Dr. Capurro published involved his findings of major industrial pollution in the tiny community of Little Elk Valley, Maryland. The Galaxy Chemical Company was apparently the sole source emitting benzene and other known carcinogens (cancer-causing agents) into the Valley's air and water. Subsequently, Dr. Capurro noted—and publicized—his findings of lymphatic cancers among Valley residents occurring at rates as high as 60-times the normal.

But at the trial itself, Dr. Capurro's most effective defense witness testified without hesitation on the question of causation. Dr. Samuel Epstein, a nationally recognized environmental-health specialist, stated that, "In my opinion, there is a very high degree of probability that the excess number of lymphomas (cancers of the lymphatic system) are directly attributable to the emission of high concentrations of carcinogens from Galaxy into the surrounding community." Epstein focused particularly on Galaxy's emissions of benzene, a potent carcinogen. He termed the emissions "massive." •

Lear Gambles on Gimble With $2 Million and *America 2-Night*

Barth Gimble (Martin Mull—*NT*: January 9, 1978) gave the good news and the bad news about his show at Norman Lear's closed-circuit press conference last month. The bad news was that *Fernwood 2-Night*, "probably America's favorite show as far as I'm concerned," was dead. The good news was its reincarnation as *America 2-Night*, a venture that will cost $2 million for 65 episodes of the talk-show parody. Some of the nation's major celebrities (Milton Berle, Burt Lancaster, Peter Frampton) joined L.A. mayor Tom Bradley in welcoming the show to Hollywood as part of Lear's crusade to "overcome the lag between the rating services and the public appreciation" of the program.

MICHAEL FEDER

Welcome to L.A.: Hollywood squires bid Fernwood farewell

The show, returning in early April (it will originate from the fictional Hollywood suburb of "Altacoma"), will inevitably become a cult route for California's biggest names. But Lear won't be indiscriminate: "We'll only use guest stars who can join in with Martin and Fred Willard (second banana Jerry Hubbard) on the level of banality of ordinary talk from which the comedy of the show is derived." After only two weeks, 20 stations—including six of the top ten markets—had signed the show, which Lear hopes will air in primetime on many of them.

Fernwood 2-Night, of course, was also produced in Hollywood, a fact which was apparently not universally known: when Ringo Starr was invited to sit in with Happy Kyne's band last summer, he reportedly replied, "I'm not going all the way to Ohio to do a television show." •

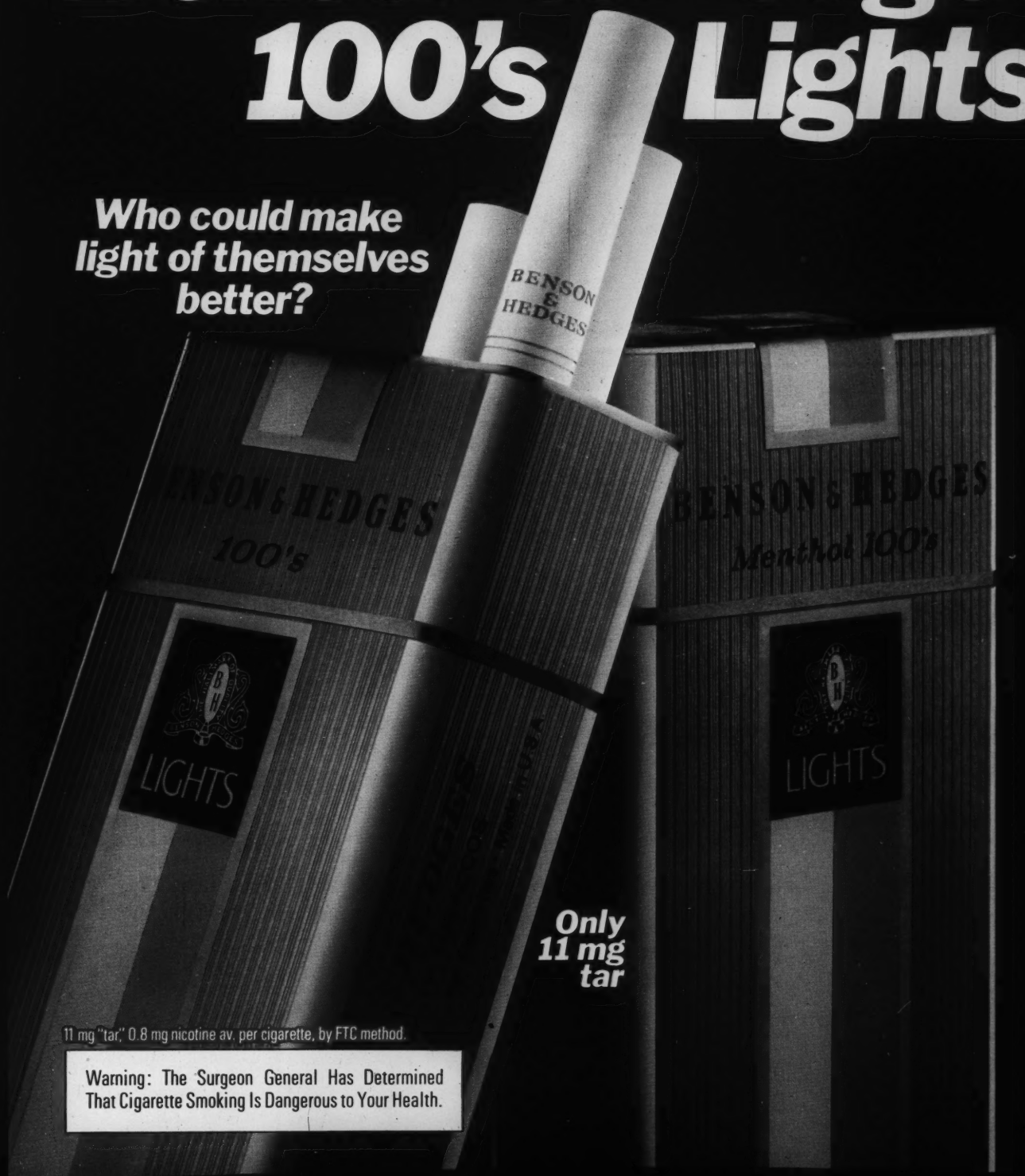
ERRATA-TAT-TAT

The Insider has two apologies to California. The first goes to the *Los Angeles Times*. In our October 14 issue we ran a piece tying Dell's bidding price for the paperback rights to Howard Fast's *The Immigrants* to Dell's phone number and cited the estimable Anthony Haden-Guest as the author. Unconscionable! The piece was dutifully forwarded by Haden-Guest, a clipping from the *Times* written by Richard Lochte, and somehow we miscredited.

The second apology goes to Governor Jerry Brown. We said he had big designs and a world map in his office to illustrate them; the map, sad to concede, was mere fancy. To paraphrase Rick Blaine, who told the Nazis he'd come to Casablanca for the water, and then was reminded Casablanca had no waters: We were misinformed. •

New Benson & Hedges 100's Lights

Who could make light of themselves better?



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Along the border
men grow desperate...

ILEGALES:
The New Immigrants

by Joshua Baer

The term ilegales *is used by members of the Spanish-speaking community in this country when referring to Mexican nationals who have entered the United States under unlawful circumstances. Generally speaking,* ilegales *are Mexicans working in this country without green cards (the green, plastic identification cards issued to all temporary immigrants in place of a work visa). To the Border Patrol (which is not just a "border" patrol, but a nationwide law enforcement agency, like the FBI and the Narcotics Bureau),* ilegales *are "wetbacks" or, more commonly, "wets." And, while the literal translation of the term would have to be "illegals," I would like to suggest—in preface to a story dealing with certain traditions of the American West—that* ilegales *can also be translated as "outlaws." The stories that follow are not untypical. The names, dates and some of the places are fictional. The events, however, are true.*

Julio Azevido

On the night of April 19, 1976, on the outskirts of the Mexican village of Quiroga, Michoacan, a Tarascan Indian named Julio Azevido was using all the courage and strength he could muster to climb a pine tree. Julio Azevido was very drunk and, at that moment, was easily the angriest man in Quiroga, but neither his anger nor his drunkenness prevented him from climbing the pine tree as quietly as a squirrel. Julio had just made a decision to act, to stop being a coward and a fool; and he was determined not to let the noise of a sneeze or a snapped branch ruin his chances.

The tree Julio was climbing was a pine, typical of the high country around Quiroga where the average altitude is 6,000 feet. Like thousands of other pine trees in the mountain villages of Michoacan, it had been planted for shade, next to a building. It was this building—a two-story adobe and wood *hacienda* with eight rooms, a large kitchen and separate servants' quarters—which held the object of Julio Azevido's intentions.

Holding his breath, Julio crept away from the trunk on a branch he knew would support his weight. The branch led him to within a foot of an open window. After crossing himself twice and taking a last sip from the flask of *pulque* in his pants pocket, Julio entered the main house of the *hacienda* through the open window. The first thing he heard was a man snoring. Julio prayed that Don Allesandro Dias, owner of this *hacienda* and of the acres of orange groves which surrounded it, was sleeping soundly. Julio had a surprise for Don Allesandro and did

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DAN MAFFIA

not want him to wake up before the time was right.

Julio stood at the center of the bedroom and listened to his heart pound. When his heartbeats slowed, he reached inside his jacket and found a five-inch knife with a gold-plated handle. The knife had belonged to Pedro Azevido, Julio's father, and had already played a key role in the deaths of two men who had made the mistake of teasing Pedro Azevido about his hair lip. Julio had not inherited his father's deformity; he had inherited the knife. He had used it to butcher animals, and to open melons, but he had yet to use it as a weapon.

Julio gripped the knife in his left hand. He did not allow himself even a fraction of a second to change his mind, or to listen to the doubts which lingered at the back of it. Moving forward in time to Don Allesandro's snoring, Julio crept to the edge of the bed. He waited there for nearly five minutes, until Don Allesandro's eyes opened. At the moment when Don Allesandro realized what was about to happen, Julio clamped his right hand over Don Allesandro's mouth and drew the knife in his left hand across Don Allesandro's throat.

Lukas Andros

In 1947, Constantine Andros decided that Athens was no longer a healthy place to live. Business had been slow during the war, now it was nonexistent. Soldiers, orphans and cripples were everywhere, and the city had become a huge, chaotic black market.

Constantine Andros sold his house and his vegetable stand for less than he knew they were worth, but their sale brought him enough money for passage on a freighter to America. Three months later, disliking New York nearly as much as he had come to dislike Athens, he boarded a train to California. When he got off the train in Flagstaff, Arizona, he had his suitcase with him. He had planned to ride all the way to Los Angeles but he was tired of the train and of moving so rapidly through so much open country without being able to touch it.

By 1967, Constantine Andros was the owner of a company called Athena Produce, Inc. Athena Produce amounted to 17 vegetable farms at various locations in southern Arizona, southern California and in the northern part of the Mexican state of Sonora, with central offices and an affiliated trucking company in Nogales, Arizona, a border town 200 miles south of Phoenix.

During the spring of 1971, Constantine Andros suffered three heart attacks. After his third, he turned over Athena Produce to his half-Greek, half-Mexican son, Lukas. At that time, Lukas Andros was 22 years old and had been ready to take over the business for three years. It took three weeks of actually running Athena Produce to convince Lukas that the amount of money to be made from the growing and selling of vegetables was a fixed quantity, but the amount of money to be made from illegal activities along the United States–Mexico border was an open-ended quantity limited only by his imagination.

Wisely, Lukas Andros did not launch the illegal end of his operations at the expense of Athena Produce. At first, he kept the two concerns separate. Revenues from Athena Produce were used to acquire additional farms, new equipment for those farms and new trucks for the trucking company. Revenues from the smuggling of narcotics, and from the services Lukas provided to Mexicans who wished to enter the United States illegally, were reinvested as bribes to employees of government agencies on both sides of the border, especially the carefully selected customs agents, immigration inspectors and officers of the Border Patrol.

Mike Cleveland had threatened Lukas with blackmail four times. He was also an out-and-out sadist, and had been responsible for the deaths of many *ilegales*

Gradually, the two businesses assumed more and more significance in terms of each other's success. Lukas found that he could pay many of the Mexicans who worked on his Sonora farms simply by smuggling them into the United States. To his surprise, he learned that the safest place to bring either narcotics or *ilegales* across the border was the Nogales Port of Entry. The traffic was always heavy, Lukas knew most of the immigration inspectors and, in the occasional instance when they did search one of his trucks and find five or six *ilegales* crouched behind the crates of vegetables, Lukas would put on a good show of yelling at the *ilegales*; then he would turn them over to the Border Patrol. In most cases, they were back on one of his Sonora farms by the following afternoon.

Among the customs agents, immigration inspectors and Border Patrolmen *not* accepting bribes, the notion that Lukas might be responsible for the Mexicans in his trucks (or for the narcotics occasionally found on them) was considered but ultimately disregarded. Lukas was a second-generation vegetable farmer from a respected Nogales family that had always cooperated with authorities. Mexicans would do anything to cross the border, and Athena Produce had farms in Sonora where Mexican farmworkers grew out-of-season vegetables for the U.S. market. It was only natural that a few of them should stowaway in Lukas' trucks.

By 1975, Lukas had expanded and restructured Athena Produce's trucking fleet; in addition to servicing the growing number of farms owned by Athena Produce, the trucks also acted as a delivery service for hundreds of independently owned truck farms all over California and the southwest. It was around this time that Lukas became known as "*El Pollero Supremo*"* and established his reputation for being able to deliver as many as 50 farmworkers anywhere in the west within 48 hours. His contacts, however, stretched far beyond the agricultural community. He dealt with union bosses, restaurant and hotel managers, narcotics dealers, garment producers—even with museum curators who had a taste for pre-Columbian art.

Lukas understood that legal operations like truck farms and vegetable stands are essentially vulnerable businesses, susceptible to taxes, political pressures, inflation, floods and droughts. But he also understood that illegal operations are, by themselves, vulnerable to their own success: if they are well managed, they tend to make money, and the more money they make, the closer they come to interaction with

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*A *pollero*, or "chicken herder," is one who assists "*pollos*," or "chickens," across the border.

law enforcement agencies, courts and prisons. Lukas' genius was his ability to mesh the legal with the illegal so that, in the minds of his customers, the distinction between what was criminal and what was absolutely necessary disappeared. Nowhere was Lukas' genius more evident than in his handling of *ilegales*. He knew that Mexico had the fastest-growing population of any country in the world, an unemployment rate of over 40 percent, and that 50 percent of its population was below the age of 15. He knew that no matter what the Border Patrol, the Supreme Court or the president did, a minimum of 5,000 Mexicans would attempt to illegally enter the United States every day for the rest of the century. Lukas thought of that inevitable flow of people as a river and considered his business to be a sort of hydroelectric plant which extracted its energies (and the foundation of its profits) from the water passing through its turbines.

Ed Paterno

They each ordered *flautas con guacamole*, the specialty at Marta's Cafe, and Ed Paterno insisted on buying Lukas Andros a beer.

"I'll drink *one*," Lukas told him; "that's my limit."

The beers arrived, Lukas took a short sip and stared across the table at Captain Ed Paterno, a Border Patrolman to whom he had been paying $300 a month since January, 1973. "Now Ed," he said, "suppose you tell me why we're sitting here."

"I don't have anything to *tell* you," said Ed Paterno. "I'm here to ask a favor. Yesterday I got a request from the Livermore station up north. They supervise all the districts between Bakersfield and the Oregon border: the Napa Valley, Frisco, Sacramento, Salinas—"

"I know the sector," Lukas interrupted.

"Yeah. I figured. And you probably know that, this time of year, they've got wets coming out of their ears. So, like they do every spring, they call me and say, 'How about detailing us a few men to help with all these wets?' Usually, I say, 'No way. We've got patrols to run and we live next door to a whole country full of wets, so go bother somebody else for a detail.' But this year, it so happens I'd be very interested in sending a detail up there."

"Why is that?" Lukas asked.

"You know Mike Cleveland?"

Mike Cleveland, a Patrolman under Ed Paterno, had been, since his transfer to the Nogales station in 1974, a source of annoyance to Lukas. Despite the fact that Lukas paid him $425 a month, Cleveland continually bitched for more, and had threatened Lukas with blackmail four times since the first of the year. Cleveland was also an out-and-out sadist and had been responsible for the deaths of many *ilegales*—a fact which particularly irritated Lukas.

"I know of him," said Lukas, "very tall, maybe six-seven or eight, has red hair?"

"That's Mike."

"He's got a reputation among the *ilegales* of being a very violent dude, doesn't he?"

"The wets are terrified of him," Ed Paterno agreed. "*I'm* terrified of Mike and I'm his boss. Somebody way above me, a guy in Washington, heard about what Mike supposedly did to those two wets over in Sesabe."

It took three weeks to convince Lukas that the amount of money to be made from the growing and selling of vegetables was a fixed quantity, but the amount of money to be made from illegal activities along the border was limited only by his imagination

"The two the police found with the skin peeled off of their heads?"

"Yeah," Ed Paterno nodded, shutting his eyes.

"Who's the somebody in Washington?"

"A guy in the Department of Justice, Luke. His name wouldn't mean anything to you. The point is, Mike's ass, my ass and the whole station's ass go out the window if people up in Justice start thinking we're a bunch of Nazis down here."

Lukas nodded. "And if they replace the whole station," he ventured, "I'll have to go in and recruit a new set of men who want three-hundred-dollar-a-month bonuses."

"Yeah," Ed Paterno replied, "except that the new team would be made up of tightasses who'd never told a lie or run a stop sign."

"Saints, in other words."

"Whatever. Let's just say they'd be a whole lot less inclined to eat out of your hand than I am."

Lukas smiled at the remark.

"So," Ed Paterno went on, "the way I see it, the Nogales station needs a few nice, clean operations on its record."

"A string of successes," Lukas offered. The *flautas* arrived, and Lukas inhaled the steam coming off his plate. Ed Paterno took a very large bite of one of his *flautas*, chased the bite with half the beer in his glass, burped and continued.

"Exactly. So, what I'm going to do is take Mike and Ray Compton with me up to the Salinas station—that's where Livermore says the wet situation is totally out of hand—and what I wondered was if you could just, well, sort of give us a few locations around Salinas where we could go in, catch a half-dozen or so wets and get out without having to hit anybody over the head."

Finished, and very relieved, Ed Paterno took another large bite of his *flautas*. Then he looked over at Lukas, who had stopped eating and was staring at him with an expression that fell somewhere between pity and contempt. Ed Paterno thought he understood the expression.

"Well, goddamn it, Luke, that's not impossible for a man like you. You know people up there. You know everybody. I just want three or four farms where you've sent a few wets. The owners would never know. We'd say it was an anonymous tip."

Ed Paterno had expected resistance but now he was sorry he'd invited Lukas to lunch in the first place. To his surprise, he saw Lukas grin at him.

"I'll give you one," said Lukas, "a big one. There's a farmer near Salinas who owes me a thousand dollars for a truck I sold her."

"What does that have to do with this?"

"I charge thirty dollars a man for a delivery, and if you guys go in there next week, she's going to need 30 new men. That's nine hundred dollars."

"Nine hundred dollars plus the nine hundred she paid you for the 30 she's already got."

"Right. The 30 you'll haul away in your vans."

"Jesus," said Ed Paterno. "Thirty wets is a lot of wets. That would look damn nice for our detail, operating in an unfamiliar district and all."

"Like I say, it's a big one. But," Lukas added, and the grin vanished, "if there's any trouble with the owner, if Cleveland gives her or any of the *ilegales* one ounce of shit, and especially if anyone says a word about me or Athena, you and Cleveland and the whole station are going to have *El Pollero* to worry about. And that's going to make worrying about getting canned look like going to church on Easter Sunday. Understand?"

Ed Paterno, like most of the men to whom Lukas Andros had said, "Understand?" was terrified by the word as soon as he heard it, largely because he did *not* understand. He had no idea what would happen to him if he compromised Lukas' reputation. All he knew was that Lukas had had enemies in the past, and that those enemies had disappeared. Completely.

"Of course I understand," he said,

"and I want you to know I'm only doing this so things can—"

"Stop apologizing," Lukas said softly. "The farm is in Carmel Valley, about 45 minutes from Salinas. The fields are on the edge of the Mesa Contenta Country Club. All you have to do is get permission from the golf course, drive your vans across a couple fairways, hop the fence and start asking for green cards. I sent that load of 30 up there on April 29. A few will have jumped to Salinas or Watsonville, but you'll haul away 25, easy."

"Just like that?"

"There's nowhere to run," Lukas told him. "They've got the golf course on one side, mountains on the other."

"And the owner's a she?"

"Her name's Inez Aparicio. I brought her across three years ago. She used to be a hostess on Air Mexico. A guy followed her home one night, forced his way into her place and tried to get friendly. She stopped him with a pair of scissors. The next morning she found out he was a general in the Mexican army. A lawyer in Mexico City, friend of mine, told her about me. She came up here, had a little saved up from the airline, so I set her up on this vacant farm I'd heard about, sold her some equipment and so on. She leases the land. Has it in spinach and lettuce, mostly."

Paterno's eyes were wide and happy.

"Maybe we ought to haul her along with the wets," he laughed. He saw Lukas' face, and regretted the remark.

"Her papers are authentic," Lukas told him. "She'll be a U.S. citizen by next year." Lukas paused and stared beyond Ed Paterno at the activity of the cafe. A very exciting possibility concerning Mike Cleveland occurred to him, and he was careful to keep the excitement off his face. "Inez won't give you guys any trouble," he continued. "She knows the Patrol can't touch her and she knows the *ilegales* are yours for showing up. She may not even be there. She spends a lot of time driving around in her sports car."

"Thank you, Luke," said Ed Paterno.

"I don't want to hear another word about it," Lukas replied, "from you, or from any of your men. I'm happy to supply the tip, because I know what's at stake. But as far as I'm concerned, we met here by accident, shared a table, talked about the cost of living. Period."

Inez Aparicio

The farmhouse was an old haybarn at the south end of the fields. During her first year in California, Inez Aparicio had converted the top floor of the barn into a bedroom, a living room, a kitchen and an office, and had painted everything pink and turquoise, her favorite colors, so that the rooms would remind her of Mexico City. Below her, on the ground floor, were two rows of eight

mattresses, a stove, two refrigerators and spaces for the men's footlockers. In back of the farmhouse were six prefabricated toolsheds which she had purchased at Sears. Each shed had four mattresses in it. Three of the sheds had stoves which ran off portable five-gallon propane tanks; the other three had firepits outside their doors.

The fields were four miles long, less than a mile wide and ran east-west between the golf course and the steep, tree- and brush-covered mountains which formed the south wall of Carmel Valley. The topsoil in the fields was rich alluvial fill, as deep as ten feet in certain places, and she rotated her lettuce and spinach plantings with plantings of snow peas, English peas and fava beans, which kept the need for fertilizers to a minimum.

Inez Aparicio owned a Datsun 280Z, a pickup, a flatbed and a tractor with a feeder attachment for sowing and a discing attachment for plowing under. She also owned a full set of irrigation pipes and sprinklers which ran off the wells at each end of the fields. The rest of the work—all the cultivating, harvesting, crating and loading—was done by hand.

Inez' men worked six days a week and were paid $18 per man for a ten-hour day, with the exception of the truck driver, who supervised the loading of the flatbed and drove it to the wholesaler in Salinas. He made $20 for an eight-hour day. No deductions were made from the men's wages, but Inez charged them $50 for their mattresses.

For seven months of the year, Inez employed a permanent crew of six men who did all the work. But in northern California between May and September, a crop of spinach requires only six weeks between planting and harvesting, and it was during these months that Inez needed an extra 30 men in her fields. When the *ilegales* arrived each May, the farm took on the atmosphere of a festival. Inez set up loudspeakers on the porch of the farmhouse and played *mariachi* records all morning for the men in the fields. At noon, she served them an outdoor lunch of tortillas, beans, peppers, watermelons, soft drinks and, on special occasions, a pig roasted over coals. Siesta would follow,

with the men returning to the fields around three, and staying there until an hour after dark.

Of the 30 *ilegales* whom Lukas Andros shipped to Inez on April 29, 1976, 24 were family men who, between them, were responsible for the welfare of more than 200 women and children in Mexico. The other six were loners who were wanted by Mexican authorities for crimes they had committed prior to leaving Mexico. Only one of them, however, was wanted for murder.

Lukas Andros called on May 18, and it took him less than five minutes to convince Inez that what he wanted her to do was the best thing for all concerned.

"Lukas," she told him over the telephone, "I owe my freedom to you, I am your friend, and I will see that this thing is done for you, and done properly. But why in May? Why not in October? I will lose so much money when they take all my men away."

"Listen," said Lukas, "you'll have 30 new men within 48 hours of the day it happens. Don't worry about your spinach. Worry about the job. You're going to have to find someone who's smart, and who's very fast. And he'd better know how to keep his mouth shut."

Of the 30 *ilegales* Lukas shipped to Inez, 24 were family men... The other 6 were loners, wanted by the Mexican government... Only one was wanted for murder

"I already know the man," Inez assured him. "The man is no problem. He's one of the *ilegales* you sent me; a Tarascan, from Michoacan. Julio is his name. He comes and talks to me. We've become good friends."

"I'll bet."

"Be serious, Lukas. Two nights ago, he came to me and told me he was the one who killed Allesandro Dias."

In Nogales, on the other end of the line, Lukas was stunned. Dias had been one of the most famous land barons in central Mexico, with interests in bananas, coffee, citrus, cattle and God knew what else. For the last year, Dias had been flirting with some natural gas people in Texas whom Lukas knew vaguely. When the news that Dias had been murdered appeared in the Nogales *Daily Herald*, Lukas assumed that Dias had gotten in over his head with the Texans, backed out on a deal and payed for it with his life.

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"Did he say why he killed him?" Lukas asked Inez.

Inez laughed. "It was *el classico*. Julio was Dias' gardener, and his wife was Dias' cook. Julio says he caught Dias with his wife and killed Dias to preserve his wife's honor. He killed his wife too, of course. He is a typical Tarascan. All the men are very careful with him."

"You think he's telling the truth?"

"I know that he trusts me."

"Inez, all your men trust you. Even *I* trust you. It's just that if somebody hired him, I'd give a lot to know who it was."

"I wish I could help you, Lukas, but I think it happened as Julio says it happened. I don't think he knows how to lie."

"He'd better learn," said Lukas. "You sure he can handle the job?"

"Yes. He is an Indian with no smiles or frowns. He thinks only of what he does at the moment. Sometimes, when he comes to see me, I think he is one of those people whose souls have abandoned them."

"You ought to know," said Lukas.

"You devil," she replied, laughing. "You say these cruel things to me because you know I will do anything for you. But seriously, Julio says he hates Mexico and that he will never go back. So perhaps the money you will pay him can help him to begin a new life here."

"Tell him it's worth a thousand dollars to me to have the job go off without complications. And tell him that, if they don't find the body, I'll throw in a full set of papers: American birth certificate, driver's license, social security card—all of them authentic."

"Ah, Lukas," Inez sighed, "for that much, I think Julio might even kill himself."

Mike Cleveland

Ed Paterno and Ray Compton were the first ones over the fence. Mike Cleveland, who had come alone in the second van, followed moments later. He saw the wets in the field, then he saw a wet in a red jacket running toward the farmhouse. "That one's mine!" he yelled over to Ed Paterno. Paterno and Compton were already in the middle of the field, checking for green cards and putting on handcuffs. Mike Cleveland saw Paterno wave "okay" at him and took off after the wet.

Julio Azevido started running as soon as he saw the men leave the first van. He ran across the fields toward the jeep trail just to the right of the farmhouse and was careful not to let too great a distance develop between himself and the men. When he reached the jeep trail, he looked back to see if the right man was chasing him. Inez had said to make sure it was a giant with red hair.

Halfway across the field, Mike Cleveland saw the wet duck into some bushes, then he saw the red jacket going up the side of the mountain. He sprinted, and a few seconds later he was on the jeep trail. It was steep for the first half-mile, but leveled off when it reached the edge of a pine forest. Cleveland stopped running. He sniffed the air—sometimes wets had a certain smell to them. To his right, he heard a crash deep in the forest. He turned and saw a flash of red about 40 yards away.

In the field, Ed Paterno went on checking for green cards while Compton herded two wets at a time into the vans. Ed Paterno kept looking over at the farmhouse for the owner, but there was no sign of her. On the mountain behind the farmhouse, he caught a glimpse of Mike Cleveland running up through the pines just below the ridge. It's incredible, he thought, how fast that big man moves when he's after a wet.

Cleveland hoped this wet he was tracking was holding that kind of cash. Or some quality dope... If he caught the wet and the wet was holding, he could pretty much call his own shots

Mike Cleveland ran over the top of the ridge and entered a particularly dense part of the forest. He still had a pretty good idea where he was, though he had lost sight of the golf course and the fields. The back country stretched out in front of him: a long succession of canyons and hillsides building up to brown mountains in the distance. Mike Cleveland wondered about the wet. None of the others had taken off; just this one. Maybe the wet was holding dope, or a lot of cash. Last night, Sayers, the captain over in Salinas, told them about a wet he'd caught two weeks ago in the bus depot. The wet had been on his way back from Alaska and the son of a bitch had had more than 30 grand in cash on him. Mike Cleveland hoped this wet he was tracking was holding that kind of cash. Or some quality dope. He knew he was on a kind of probation with Paterno, but up here in these woods . . . with Paterno a mile away down in those fields . . . if he caught the wet and the wet was holding, he could pretty much call his own shots.

Julio Azevido pushed the knife into Mike Cleveland's back, withdrew it and pushed it in again, at a higher point. Mike Cleveland began to twist around but Julio pulled out the knife, brought it up to Mike Cleveland's throat and started slashing. Mike Cleveland's hands flew to his throat, then he slumped to the ground, blood pouring from his nose and mouth.

Julio waited a few minutes for the twitching to stop. Then he dragged Cleveland to a spot nearby where the tangle of trees and poison oak was almost impenetrable. He uncovered the pit he had dug two days earlier, dragged the body to the edge and shoved it in. He found the shovel, covered the body with dirt and buried the shovel with his hands. He covered the fresh dirt with pine needles and dead branches, working very slowly and making almost no sound. When he was satisfied that the grave was thoroughly camouflaged, and that nothing looked out of place or unnatural, he retraced his steps to the spot where he had killed Mike Cleveland, checking every step of the way for blood. When he reached the spot itself, he spent over an hour making sure that it looked like no one had been there.

Julio Azevido

There were seven independently owned truck farms in Carmel Valley and, during the weeks which followed the disappearance of Border Patrolman Mike Cleveland, each of these farms was visited by detectives from the Monterey County Sheriff's Department, officers from the California State Highway Patrol and a special agent from the FBI. In addition to these visits, five searches were made of the terrain behind Inez Aparicio's farm. However, neither the visits nor the searches were able to establish anything concerning the fate of Patrolman Cleveland, other than that he had disappeared in pursuit of a suspected illegal alien.

In mid-July, a sheriff's detective assigned to the case decided to question the illegal aliens who had been arrested the day Patrolman Cleveland disappeared, and who were still being held in the Salinas jail. Interpreters were hired and, after 36 hours of interrogations, it was learned that Patrolman Cleveland had been in pursuit of a Mexican Indian named Julio Azevido. Following the interrogations, more visits were made to the truck farms in Carmel Valley, as well as to several labor camps in the Salinas, Watsonville and Castroville areas. But again, none of these visits yielded any positive results.

By the end of the summer of 1976, Julio Azevido had become something of a local legend among the *ilegales* who worked in Carmel Valley. And, on the night of September 27, 1976, just before many of these *ilegales* were about to begin their return trips to Mexico, a fiesta was held by Inez Aparicio at her farm. Over 400 people arrived for the celebration, drawn, some said, by the rumor that Julio Azevido would be making an appearance. ●

Roone At The Top

ABC's Roone Arledge, the man who brought you Howard Cosell, instant replay and the Montreal Olympics, is now tackling network news with the same happy hucksterism

by Richard Levine

"Hey, Fred, you sure are lookin' powerful today." At first it's hard to see who is taking such liberties with New York elevator etiquette. Fred Pierce, the president of the ABC television network, turns the corners of his mouth slightly upward in a zippered smile that warns, "Shhh, elevator time!" He looks more funereal than powerful, in fact: black chalk-striped suit, black lace-up shoes, specks of color on a dark tie like sprigs on a casket. His boss, Elton Rule (the president of the whole ABC conglomerate), doesn't let even a pained smile acknowledge the chatter from the rear. Like the other ABC executives riding shoulder to shoulder up to the Trianon Ballroom of the New York Hilton, he is deep into his elevator yoga: face front, no talking, silently counting the lighted numbers . . . five . . . six . . . seven . . . eight. "Boy, doesn't Fred look powerful. Fred, you're sure lookin' *powerful* today. Jee-zus, Fred looks pow-er-ful. Hey, *Fred* . . . "

Only after the door opens is it possible to spot the culprit behind this unsettling incident because he is—despite a hefty boost from elevator boots—several inches shorter than the rest of his colleagues. He seems out of place in other ways, too, a pocket mogul who shares neither the official mortician's look of those on the top rungs of the network ladder nor the Cardin-clad style of their mid-level subordinates. With his fluffy red hair, gold-rimmed glasses and cherubic face, he looks like Howdy Doody might have looked had he eased his way into affluent, high-caloric middle age by learning how to pull other people's strings. Although this day he is dressed with some restraint, Arledge is famous for going tieless in the glass-walled media Gazas along Sixth Avenue, wearing polka-dot shirts with the sleeves rolled over Abercrombie & Fitch bush jackets and waving around his unlit Monte Cristo cigars like a baton master who has

Richard Levine is spending a year researching network television on an Alicia Patterson Foundation fellowship.

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lost his parade. In fact, last June, when he added the presidency of ABC News to his long-held fiefdom at ABC Sports, Arledge told a convention of network affiliates that Elton Rule only gave him the job so that he would wear a coat and tie to work.

Not really. Arledge probably could walk through the thickly carpeted white-on-white corridors of 1330 Sixth Avenue in a fur-lined jockstrap without anyone daring to blink. For in the lean years when CBS and NBC could outdraw most of ABC's primetime programming with test patterns, Arledge's sports division was the only bright spot on the corporate ledger. He made money and won awards covering everything from Olympic decathalons to barrel jumping at Grossinger's, becoming in the process the most powerful man, if not in television, then certainly in the wide world of sports.

If, as some suspect, religion in this country is actually practiced on Sunday afternoon in front of the tube rather than on Sunday morning before the pulpit, Roone Arledge is its High Priest. For better or worse, it was Arledge who brought America Howard Cosell, instant replay and braless starlets in T-shirts doing warm-up jumping jacks at celebrity sports tournaments. There are many at ABC who will tell you (out of earshot of Fred Pierce and Fred Silverman) that it is no accident that the network's current resurgence began in the fall of 1976, immediately following its coverage of the Montreal Olympics—Roone Arledge's Olympics, really, since he was the one who decided which portions of what events Americans got to see.

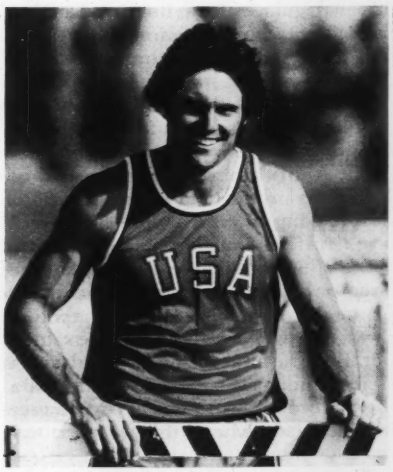
Clearly, Arledge was named to his new job to boost his network's ratings in news as he had in sports. The fear and trembling that greeted his appointment last spring, both within the ABC News organization and at the other networks, grew out of a concern that to succeed in the relatively constrained world of TV news he would use the same visual gimmickry and show-biz hype that have long been his trademarks in the rough-and-tumble world of TV sports. With his newly rich network behind him, Arledge was widely viewed as the money-lender come to the temple of television news.

The fact of the matter was that what everybody was fearful would happen to TV news had, to a large degree, already happened. On the local level, Happy Talk News—with its infestation of blow-dried, finger-popping anchors and its journalistic mix of sex and mayhem—was already a bloated, ad-rich institution on most big-city news stations. On the national level, Fred Pierce's hiring of Barbara Walters at $1 million a year was itself less significant than the fact that

half of her salary was paid by the network's entertainment division. Network news was undergoing a sea change as unsettling as any it had experienced since John Cameron Swayze first began hopscotching the world for headlines a quarter century ago.

All of which was very much in evidence when the group of ABC executives walked into the Trianon Ballroom for the International Radio and Television Society's luncheon, with Arledge still yapping at Fred Pierce's heels like a puppy let off its leash. Besides Richard Salant, president of CBS News since 1966, the luncheon's featured speakers included Roone Arledge, with three months of on-the-job TV news training, and Richard Wald, the president of . . . but no, that curly-haired fellow with the hand-penciled name card wasn't Wald but his replacement, Les Crystal, who had been head of NBC News exactly an hour and a half.

Whether he actually feared his new competitors or simply disliked what the brash new boy at ABC seemed to represent, Salant—normally the very model of decorous above-the-fray "broadcast journalists"—kept sticking verbal pins into Roone Arledge that afternoon at the Hilton, as if he was lunching with a voodoo doll. The tone was set when Arledge responded to a question from the audience about ABC's sensationalized 20-minute treatment of the capture of Son of Sam aired on the *Evening News* last August. The program had elicited a politely worded protest to Arledge from ABC correspondents and news producers in the Washington bureau, who complained not only about the length of the coverage, but more specifically about the breezily unprofessional commentary by Geraldo Rivera, who called the Son of Sam suspect "a fiend." Defending his pet correspondent, Arledge admitted that Rivera "didn't say 'alleged' about someone who had already killed six people and wounded seven others." Well, it didn't take a libel lawyer to realize that Arledge had missed the point by a country mile. Salant leaned over toward Arledge and said, his voice dripping with sarcasm like oil from a crankcase, "What should he have said, Roone, '*alleged* fiend'?"

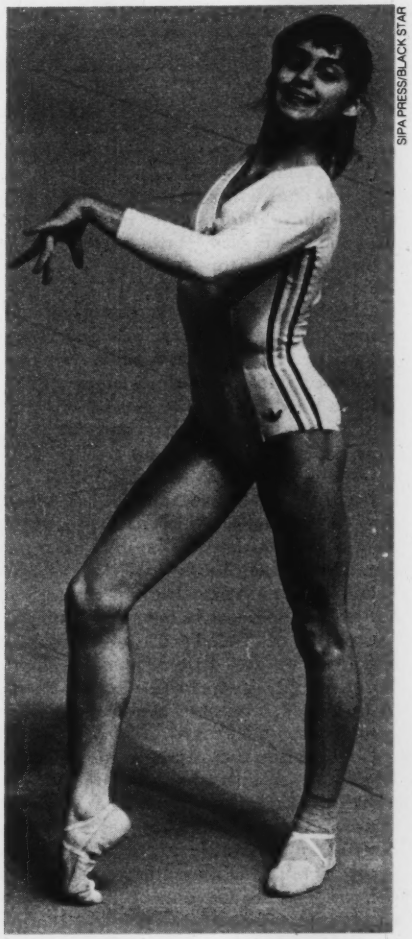


ABC SPORTS

Sports As Showbiz

Roone Arledge is a creature of television. Now 45, he graduated from Columbia University in the early fifties, took a stage managing job in the newly burgeoning industry, and has been there ever since. By the late fifties he was producing Shari Lewis' show for children, *Hi, Mom*, for which he won an Emmy. It is probably no accident that Arledge and Fred Silverman, the two most successful programmers in television today, both got their starts in children's television; no TV career has ever been hurt by a healthy respect for the 8-year-old mind.

There are other curious similarities between the two men. Both seem to have some mysterious umbilical relation to popular taste—the so-called "golden gut" syndrome. Both watch the shows they produce with genuine absorption and infinite attention to detail. (When Arledge is not at an ABC Sports event he unfailingly views the broadcast in his Central Park South apartment or his weekend retreat in Sagaponack, Long Island, calling in instructions to the production truck on a special "Roone phone" that is set up at every location for his exclusive use.) And both are essentially adapters rather than creators, able to exploit the innovations of others for mass appeal. Arledge did not invent a single one of the technical innovations with which his name is so closely linked—including his most famous electronic toy, the instant replay—but better than anyone else he understood their potential. Ironically, Arledge and Silverman both first came to the attention of ABC executives in 1960 with treatises on the way things should be done—in Silverman's case, a master's thesis on ABC programming; in Arledge's, a long memo on how to improve the network's N.C.A.A. football coverage.


SIPA PRESS/BLACK STAR

Before Arledge came on the scene, televised sports was a loss-leader operation designed to fill up long weekend afternoons with relatively inexpensive programming. Technically, it had not advanced much beyond the stage when wrestling from Jamaica Arena shared the screen about equally with artfully designed "Please Stand By" signs. The idea was to train a few fixed cameras on a football field and hope that one of them kept the ball within range most of the time.

Young Arledge's 1960 memo contained one simple notion, which over the years has evolved into an industry slogan: "Take the fan to the game, not the game to the fan." It meant covering the game with many more cameras, since the best seat in the stadium clearly was not on the 50 yard line but wherever the ball was at the moment. It meant capturing the atmosphere of the event as well as the event itself in order to involve the audience emotionally. Technically, it grew to mean using directional

Giving the public what it wants—Beefcake, Cheesecake and Crumb: Olympic champions Bruce Jenner and Nadia Comaneci, and daredevil Evel Knievel became instant celebrities after Roone Arledge served them up as stars

and remote microphones, slow-motion and stop-motion videotape recorders, instant replays and split-screens, isolated-action cameras and hand-held cameras, blimp shots as well as lingering "honey shots" of pretty ladies (an innovation that Arledge especially nurtured). It meant replacing marching bands at halftime with highlights and analyses of the game, as well as prerecorded biographies and interviews. The point always was to reduce the "dead spots" in a game (huddles, time-outs) and to heighten the drama of the contest—to quicken the pace toward what Arledge, in a phrase that has entered the language, called "the thrill of victory and the agony of defeat." He happened to be writing about football, but the real name of the game was sensory overload.

On the basis of his memo, ABC decided to give the 29-year-old Arledge a shot at producing its collegiate football schedule. Within weeks he was also producing A.F.L. football. Within months he had introduced *Wide World of Sports*, now the longest-running and most successful sports program on television, a show which proved that America's fascination with the thrill of victory, etc., could encompass everything from a steeplechase up the Eiffel Tower to a chess tournament to jalopy derby (a "sport" that Arledge virtually invented). In 1969 Arledge picked up *Monday Night Football* after CBS turned it down because, says Bill McPhail, CBS' sports director at the time, "they told me we couldn't preempt Doris Day—the wives wouldn't stand for it."

From the beginning *Monday Night Football* provided ABC with its first inroad into the competition's primetime schedule. But the real cornerstones of Arledge's empire have been the past three summer Olympics, which he has "line produced" himself, each time spending two near-sleepless weeks before a 34-monitor panel making his edits. It is surely the decathalon of television production and an event at which Arledge is the undisputed champion, in part because he has never allowed anyone else to play. Last year, with its coverage of both the Winter and Summer Olympics, ABC aired more than five hundred hours of sports programming, for which it won 8 (out of a possible 10) Emmy awards.

ABC Sports, Inc. is at least as profitable as it is prestigious, doing a gross business last year in excess of $200 million. (Arledge himself, reputedly the highest paid executive in television, did a gross business of nearly $1 million.) The company was the first to "regionalize" sports broadcasting by feeding different NBA games to different parts of the country, thus attracting local advertising. And it does so much "cross promoting" on its own telecasts that upcoming ABC Sports events sometimes are announced more frequently than the score of the one in progress.

WIDE WORLD

Body Language: Arledge and Cosell play *To Tell the Truth* before a House communications subcommittee

Arledge's own business techniques receive less favorable reviews than his production talents. Perhaps befitting a man whose two favorite leisure pastimes are horticulture and big-game hunting (his offices look like sets for *Tarzan* films), Arledge's charm and affability belie a ruthless competitive instinct which his rivals believe often shades into the area of, shall we say, ethical relativity.

As a negotiator Arledge generally wins the rights to events through the simple but effective expedient of paying more. Says Barry Frank, vice president of sports at CBS and a former Arledge associate: "He'll sometimes come in after the hard bargaining has been done and let you have your last demand. You may have lost the previous twenty, but somehow you feel obligated to him."

Part of ABC Sports' success has been due to Arledge's ability to inspire his staff to work as hard as he does. "Vince Lombardi and Roone Arledge," says Frank Gifford, "are the two men I've known in my life who could make me go the extra yard." Howard Cosell's praise threatens to give loyalty a bad name: "Quite simply, he had the sublime vision to put me on the air when no one else would."

Chet Forte, the director of *Monday Night Football*, talks about Arledge's ability to criticize his people without unduly bruising their egos. "I'll never forget a Notre Dame–Georgia Tech game a few years back. It was a terrible game from a director's point of view because our cameramen missed two Notre Dame touchdowns. When I saw Roone the next day he said, 'Nice going, Chet. Good, close game.' I said, 'Waddya mean, Roone, it was a Notre Dame rout—35–22.' 'That's funny,' he said. 'I could've sworn it was 23–22.'"

Outside of Arledge's staff the consensus about his managerial abilities breaks down. Other ABC executives complain that he refuses to delegate responsibility; they point out that he has yet to designate a number-two man at ABC Sports even though he now spends most of his time at News.

But the most universal complaint about Arledge, which has earned him a near-mythic reputation, is that he is unreachable. Now that Roone Arledge has two offices, goes an ABC joke, there are two places where he can't be contacted. He seems to live in transit. When he isn't off in Siberia signing up the Yakut bear-wrestling champion, he is shuttling from office to office in his chauffeur-driven Jaguar or from home to work or from lunch to an appointment. And if his several secretaries know where he is, they aren't talking.

That kind of invisibility is fueled in part by Arledge's mania for keeping his options open until the last possible moment. And in the unscripted world of TV sports production, last-minute decision making often works to his advantage. A few Saturdays ago on *Wide World of Sports* Arledge learned that the Trenton 150 motor race, which CBS planned to cover live on its competing show, *Sports Spectacular*, would be rained out. Because auto racing always draws a sizable audience, he quickly canceled a segment of his own show to cover a race in Michigan, where the weather was fine.

By contrast, on the one entertainment series Arledge ever produced, the mercifully short-lived *Saturday Night Live*

with Howard Cosell, his eleventh-hour ministrations helped create an unmitigated disaster. "It wasn't until Friday afternoon," says sportswriter Bob Lipsyte, who worked on the show, "that Arledge would allow the guests and the script to be nailed down. When he saw the ratings nosedive he scheduled anything he thought might attract a young audience—animal acts, bubble gum acts and lots and lots of Mason Reese."

While admitting that "there is no way to exaggerate Arledge's technical brilliance," Lipsyte is skeptical about the future of ABC News. Having recently quit his job as a columnist for the *New York Post* because of editorial interference, he finds disturbing similarities between his two former bosses. "Both Rupert Murdoch and Roone Arledge are concerned only with circulation or ratings. They have no vision of how to use their power."

Arledge always operated best on the interface between news and entertainment—that's what TV sports are all about. Like the news, sports are unfolding real-life events with unknown outcomes, and like entertainment, they are staged spectacles. Arledge was interested in drama, in *impact*, and he didn't much care whether he—and his viewers—got it from the news or the entertainment aspect of sports. If he had a philosophical creed it was the showman's "Never a dull moment": he used his technical wizardry to extract every last ounce of drama from a sports event, even creating confrontation when it wasn't really there—or at least *visibly* there, which, on television, is the same thing. By splitting the screen he could make skiers racing against the clock seem as if they were competing directly against one another, just as he could pair off two golfers putting on separate greens.

It was again the showman in Arledge who turned his announcers into stars. He deliberately encouraged Howard Cosell to "play the Dorothy Killgalen role," as he puts it, in order to stir up controversy. And then he provided him with Don Meredith as a foil. If there wasn't much drama on the field, Cosell and Meredith could whip some up in the booth, or a camera could pick up a fan holding a sign which read "Go Home Big Mouth." If it was a 3–0 football game being slugged out inch-by-inch in ankle-deep mud, Cosell could solemnly intone that the game was possibly the worst ever held in the history of the National Football League. That's news—sort of.

Overall, the Arledge formula proved immensely successful, but a funny thing happened on the way to the bank. It used to be said that television, with its ability to transmit the drama of live events instantaneously, was made for sports, but it became increasingly apparent that sports were being made—or made over, anyway—for television. Tennis, for example, unashamedly threw itself at television, going so far even as to sacrifice its scoring system for the dramatic needs of the tube by instituting a sudden-death tie breaker. The irony of it all was that the inconvenience of broadcasting live events outside a studio was precisely the reason television was attracted to them in the first place—their spontaneous, unpredictable quality.

As television came to represent a far greater source of revenue than the box office, the major sports responded to TV's needs. Even the World Series now takes place in television's primetime rather than baseball's—the crisp autumn afternoons of yore. Perhaps the most celebrated example of such compliance was the NFL's decision to replay the second-half kickoff in the 1967 Super Bowl because NBC was caught in the middle of a commercial break. And at every *Monday Night Football* game there is an ABC employee standing on the sidelines whose job it is to signal the referee to interrupt the game when the network needs a commercial break.

Network news was undergoing a sea change as unsettling as any it had experienced since John Cameron Swayze first began hopscotching the world a quarter century ago

Television not only changed individual sports but altered their respective popularity. Much of Arledge's success can be credited to his original instinct that football, with its continuous action, linear progression and dramatic oppositions, was a more televisable sport than baseball (where, he has pointed out somewhat scornfully, "the function of the principal player, the pitcher, was to impede rather than promote the action") and thus eventually would become more popular as well.

While television—and most especially Roone Arledge and ABC Sports—could exert that kind of influence over sports, the price was exceedingly high. The rights to NFL football, for example, nearly doubled to more than $200 million in the new four-year contract that Arledge recently signed. Indeed, there were certain prestige events that began to lose money for the networks, so high were the rights paid for them.

Although Arledge had almost single-handedly created the problem, he was quick to see the solution—"junk sports" and made-for-television events. Compared to what even a minor legitimate sport could command, Arledge could buy the rights to firemen's competitions or jalopy derbies for a song; and if they were properly presented, millions of people would watch them. It was all in the packaging. Arledge almost never put on tennis (except perhaps for his friend Ethel Kennedy's invitational celebrity tournament), but as a show, the Bobby Riggs–Billie Jean King extravaganza on September 20, 1973, was a natural. And in terms of ratings, an updated carny act like Evel Knievel's "death-defying" Snake River jump also couldn't miss, even (especially!) if Evel could.

If the event itself couldn't command the ratings, the participants would—an old Arledge trick. He introduced made-for-television celebrity specials. When he scheduled the first such event, the *Battle of the Network Stars*, opposite an American Basketball Association game soon after that league defected to CBS two years ago, it received a 40 share, a better rating than any *Monday Night Football* game has ever garnered.

Alas, something had been lost along the way. The delicate balance between sports as news and sports as entertainment teetered more and more toward entertainment. Production values had replaced all others, ethical ones included. By last fall the incidence of dubious practices on the parts of all the networks had mounted to the point where the House Subcommittee on Communications decided to investigate the relationship between TV and sports, and in the process uncovered the worst television scandal since Charles van Doren took a dive on the quiz show *Twenty-One* back in 1958.

The Congressional investigators focused on two events, a series of CBS-sponsored tennis matches between Jimmy Connors and several opponents which the network advertised as winner-take-all events even though each participant was guaranteed an "appearance fee" of $150,000, and ABC's *U.S. Boxing Championships*. The ABC tournament (which Arledge was going to call the *World Championship of Boxing* until someone reminded him that there were no world champions competing) was put together by boxing promoter Don King in association with *Ring* magazine (the "Bible of Boxing") and bankrolled with $1.9 million of the network's money. From its inception, rumors proliferated that fighters had been forced to pay kickbacks to managers to get into the tournament and that the "Bible of

Continued on page 53

Energy That Grows On Trees

Introducing the wood-burning stove, an idea whose time has returned

by William Tucker

At first glance, there doesn't seem to be much going on in Randolph, Vermont, a sleepy village in the center of the state. But there are some who say that if you look closely enough, you will find in Randolph the first stirrings of what could become a revolution in alternate energy.

You have to cross an old bridge in the center of town, then travel down a mud-lined road until you reach an old foundry. There you will find about 85 factory workers frantically scraping, filing, welding and painting huge cast-iron parts while sparks fly and the whine of shearing metal drowns all conversation. In an equally frantic front office, a roughly shod crew of young people moves quickly from desk to shop, from shop to showroom, trying to keep up with the crowd of customers.

If the people at Vermont Castings Co. move with an alacrity that seems uncharacteristic for normally laconic Vermonters, it is with good reason. The three-year-old company is working overtime so that over 10,000 people can keep warm this winter. In the process, Vermont Castings may be leading the rest of the country forward—or backward, if you like—into a new phase of the ever-changing energy crisis, the Age of the Wood-Burning Stove.

The focus of all this activity is sitting in the middle of the office, keeping about 20 people warm. It's the Defiant, which, together with its younger brother, the Vigilant, is generally regarded as the best wood-burning stove to come out of an American manufacturing plant in the past 70 years. "The Defiant is the Mercedes of the stove business right now," says Colle Davis, director of the fledgling National Solid Fuel Trades Association. "It's the one that all the others are being measured against."

The Defiant is the brainchild of Duncan Syme, a ne'er-do-well out of Loomis and Yale who spent most of his life trying to design yachts and futuristic houses before he started thinking about wood heating around the time of the 1973 Arab oil boycott. "I never really got above the poverty level until about two years ago," says Syme, whose boxed haircut and boyish looks make him seem more like a street urchin than a 40-year-old successful businessman.

My interview with Syme was to start on a Saturday morning. I had a late start from the motel and got lost on the way. Syme tells me rather brusquely over the phone that he has been up since 6 a.m. and that it's going to be a busy day. "We're remodeling the entire office in one weekend," he tells me when I finally arrive about 11 a.m. Carpenters are running everywhere and three men are wrestling with a glass door.

Meanwhile, in the adjoining showroom, more than a dozen customers from as far away as Massachusetts and the Canadian border are waiting to find out when they can get their new stoves delivered. The news is bad—a 10–12 week wait for both the Defiant and the Vigilant. Vermont Castings—like nearly all other stove manufacturers here and abroad—simply can't keep up with the fantastic demand for wood stoves.

"It all started back in 1973 when I built a home for myself up here and started thinking that it might save some money to heat the basement with a wood stove," Syme says, when he finally gets a chance to sit down and take a bite of a sandwich he's brought for lunch.

"My brother-in-law, Murray Howell, was working down in New York and had access to a WATS line, so I asked him to call around the country and see if anyone was making any new stoves," he says. Howell became so interested in Syme's idea that he gave up real-estate trusts to become Vermont Castings' president.

"We were amazed to find that nobody in the whole country was making any new wood stoves," Syme says, a note of enthusiasm finally starting to build in his voice. "The only manufacturers were the same people who had been producing stoves for the last 100 years or so. The Arab boycott had just ended and it was obvious that people were going to be looking for alternate forms of energy. Somebody was obviously asleep at the switch."

Syme shelved his plans for building any more houses and started an exhaustive, year-long investigation into the mysteries of firewood and wood heating. "The thing we found out right away was that there really hadn't been any work done in either stove engineering or the chemistry of wood burning," Syme says, resting his feet on the desk for a long interview. The crew has settled down for lunch, but there is still constant scurrying back and forth in the showroom. "The only research that had ever been done was an old army report that was made when it looked as if the Japanese might be cutting off some of our oil supplies during World War II. Most of that report had been lost in a fire at some army base somewhere."

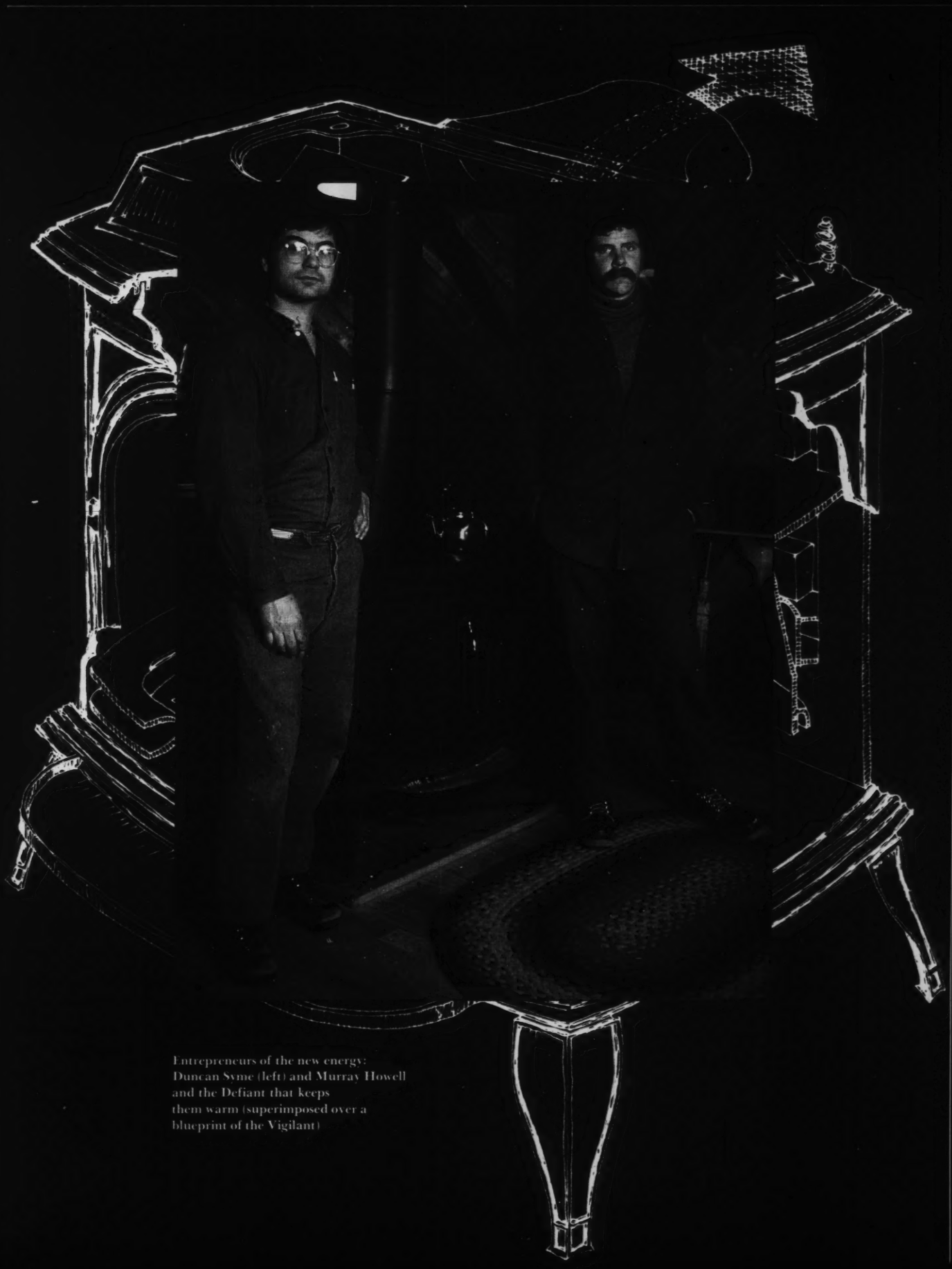
The problem, Syme explains, was the dilemma of all stove manufacturers—how to combine the efficiency of nearly airtight combustion with the aesthetic pleasures of staring into the mesmerizing flames of an open fireplace.

Only a year ago, a well-known political figure was sitting at his fireside, telling Americans how they might soon be using their fireplaces for heat. Most people have wised up by now; fireplaces, if anything, produce a net loss of heat. They draw far too much air, race through a log in about one-fifth the time necessary for efficient combustion, and send most of the heat up the chimney. A fireplace actually pulls in cold air through every little crack in your home, so that 30 minutes after a fire is lit the room actually becomes 5 degrees colder.

Benjamin Franklin was one of the first to clearly define the problem. He invented the "Pennsylvania Fireplace," later rechristened the "Franklin Stove," which, he wrote, "kept my study twice as warm with only one-quarter the wood." America was blessed with a superabun-

William Tucker's most recent piece for New Times, *"Excremento," dealt with the problem of sludge disposal.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER SOUTHWICK



Entrepreneurs of the new energy: Duncan Syme (left) and Murray Howell and the Defiant that keeps them warm (superimposed over a blueprint of the Vigilant)

Heat treatment: Sparking a revolution at Vermont Castings, where progress marches backward

dance of wood, though, and Franklin Stoves became sloppier and more wasteful as the years passed. Parts began to fit loosely, there was little internal secondary combustion of gases, and soon the stoves were not operating much more efficiently than open fireplaces. But in Europe, the situation was different. By the 1940s, the Scandinavians, in particular, began turning out a series of fiendishly efficient wood stoves that admit only the thinnest stream of air and can hold a fire in one log for over an hour. The Jotul, Lange and Morso are among the most highly developed of these Scandinavian stoves, and Swedish and Danish imports still make up about 30 percent of the stoves sold in the U.S. today—although the Scandinavian percentage of the market is falling.

For Syme, however, these airtight, plug-ugly stoves, with the fine tuning of an automobile carburetor, left much to be desired on cold winter nights when sitting in front of the fireplace was the only recreation for miles. (The Scandinavians have apparently reached the same conclusion, and Jotul is now manufacturing a combination stove and fireplace as well.) Syme's solution was to spend almost another full year designing a stove in which the parts would fit so tightly that the firebox would remain airtight, while the doors could be swung aside for the option of an open fireplace. Along the way, he added a complex air-intake system in which oxygen breathes gently across the log from all sides in a steady stream. The intake system is controlled by a bimetallic thermostat that closes down the air-intake valve as temperature in the room rises. Syme says the thermostat will keep room temperature within 4 degrees of presetting, although some Defiant owners say the whole thing is very inexact.

In any case, by early 1975 Syme had designed his stove. Plans called for a maze of "baffles"—exhaust channels for secondary combustion of unvaporized gases—so that wood heating would be reliable and efficient in the average home. "The whole time we were working we kept saying to ourselves, 'There must be at least a dozen big manufacturers who have their best engineers working on this exact problem right now,'"

"We were amazed to find that nobody in the whole country was making any new wood stoves. Somebody was obviously asleep at the switch"

Syme says, as the lunchroom quiet begins to yield to the pounding of nails again. "We couldn't believe that other people didn't see the opportunity that was coming."

As it turned out, Vermont Castings had crossed the finish line before most big manufacturers even realized that they were in a race. But first, Syme and his friends had to overcome the biggest obstacle that was set in their path—high costs.

Foundry work is exacting—and expensive. John "Sucosh" Norton, a 29-year-old Williams graduate who is now Syme's plant supervisor, describes the process: "You have to start with a wooden model that is exactly what you want in cast iron, except you have to allow for parts to shrink about one-sixteenth of an inch. The wooden model makes a positive mold in specially treated sand that will hold its shape, and then the sand cast is used as a negative mold for the hot iron.

"The whole thing is like a gigantic playtoy, except that it involves walking around with ladles that are filled with iron heating to 1,800 degrees. Foundries are unbelievable places—they haven't really changed since the Bronze Age."

Norton is an odd hybrid—short ("Sucosh" means "little bit" in Japanese), with a scholarly face and the forearms of a scythe-wielder. When Syme met him in 1975, Norton was a soldier of the counterculture—a college graduate working as a carpenter in a cooperative community just north of Randolph.

"Duncan came to me in 1975 and asked if I could build the wooden model so that he could make a few trial runs at the foundry," Norton says. "When the foundry people say they want an exact model, they mean *exact*. If you don't account for all the shrinkage in there, nothing is going to fit together once you've got the pieces. Duncan had tried some industrial carpenters, but they told him it would cost at least fifteen thousand dollars to do the job. He couldn't even be sure his stove was going to work the way he thought it would. If it didn't, he was just out fifteen thousand."

Norton had never tackled anything much more complicated than a floor joist, but he built Syme's stove for about $3,000. Then Syme, Norton and Howell began making the rounds of the foundries scattered over upstate New York and western Pennsylvania, trying to find someone willing to cast the parts. "The biggest problem we had was convincing people that we weren't playing a joke on them," Howell says. "It was the same when we went around to the banks. People thought we were just a bunch of hippies with some crazy idea about making

Trees fried for these: Duncan Syme's wood-burning stoves are the latest in home furnacings

our own stoves." Some of the same foundries are now doing one-third of their business turning out parts for Syme's stoves.

By mid-1975, the "hippie carpenters" had rented a small corner of an abandoned factory in Randolph and were sitting around with a few model stoves waiting for the phone to ring. A reporter from the local paper wandered in one day and asked how many people they planned to hire if the stoves started selling. "We told him we thought we might eventually take on about five people," Syme recalls.

Then one day the phone rang. It hasn't stopped ringing since. In the past 12 months, Vermont Castings has recorded $8 million in sales, and Syme predicts a 50 percent increase for 1978. "For us, this is no lark or fad," he says. "It's serious business." Indeed it is: Vermont Castings is now the third largest employer in Randolph, a fair-sized industrial town where both Ethan Allen Inc., the furniture company, and Waterbury Plastics have large manufacturing plants. A total of 105 people are now assembling, painting, packaging and shipping stoves at the factory, and there could be twice as many except that the company cannot possibly expand fast enough to keep up with the demand.

"We've put two major additions on the building and we already need a third," Syme says, taking me for a tour of a small garage that he calls his "workshop." "Every time we get something finished, it's already out-of-date. There's just no way right now that anybody can keep up with the public's demand for wood stoves."

In fact, the entire stove industry is booming. "There isn't a company making stoves that isn't backlogged from two to six months right now," says Colle Davis. "In 1976 there were only 175,000 homes being heated with firewood in the entire country. In 1977 we will have sold 175,000 stoves in one year alone, and the figures will probably double again next year. People are just beginning to realize what a fantastic potential resource we have here."

When Congress began its debate on President Carter's energy legislation, firewood was hardly mentioned as a potential source of alternate energy. Most of the emphasis was on solar heating and other infant technologies. But Davis headed for Washington and persuaded Congress to give homeowners the same tax credit for installing a stove as they would get for installing solar heating equipment—20 percent of the cost of installation, or a maximum of $400. (The energy package, though, is still stalled in Congress.)

But even without tax credits, people who are turning to wood heating right now are finding it more than worthwhile. In some of the northern parts of the country—the "Snowbelt" states, where solar-energy units face a tougher challenge—people who have access to large supplies of firewood have been able to cut their fuel bills to virtually nothing.

"We burned six cords of wood last winter and we were able to get practically all of it by cutting ourselves," says Norman Hudson, Vermont's chief of forest management, who installed a Defiant in his living room two years ago. "We spent just about every weekend of the winter out cutting wood, but it's good hard work and nobody minded it that much. Our entire utility bill came to only thirty dollars, while we spent about six-hundred dollars the year before with gas."

Other people who have jumped into wood heating are discovering that there is so much wood available—lying around on the ground or sitting as scrap at sawmills—that their heating bills are very low. "People up in northern Wisconsin are finding that they have what is virtually a free source of firewood," says John Armstrong of the state's Office of Planning and Energy. "There are so many state forests and so much wood on the ground that all you need is a chainsaw to keep your house warm."

But these are the halcyon days of wood burning—it won't be long before supply and demand meet. At that point, stove owners can only hope that the price of wood will still make wood heating economical. And some fear that people are going to start cutting down trees on their front lawns—and maybe on their neighbors' lawns as well.

"The state forestry departments are giving out figures showing that there are thousands of trees waiting to be cut in the forests, but most of that wood is far, far away from where the average person is going to be able to get it," says Robert Brown of the Colorado Office of Energy Conservation. "Wood is very difficult to transport, and if large numbers of people start asking for supplies it's going to get pretty expensive."

The price has varied significantly from one region to another, but this winter, cords of wood are selling at between $50 and $100. (That's for a "face" cord—a pile of wood 4′×8′ by the width of one log. The "full" cord—4′×4′×8′—is rapidly becoming scarce as the wood business becomes a seller's market.) Someone heating a home with three cords at $50 each is still getting a bargain with wood heating. But someone burning six cords at $100 each is spending nearly the going rate for oil and natural gas.

"I've invited people over to see my new furnace and they admire it and tell me how smart I was to buy it," says

They Have Seen The Future And It's Wood

Stuart White, a Hanover, New Hampshire, architect, built his own solar-and-wood home two years ago. The solar heating system hasn't worked quite as well as planned, but White's huge, hand-built Austrian "Kachelofen," or wood stove, is both the heating supply and the conversation piece of the home. "It works on the principle of burning the wood as fast as possible and then retaining the heat in layers of bricks and ceramic tiles," says White. Austrian "hafnermeister" (or stove maker) Gustave Jung came across the Atlantic to hand-construct the stove in the hope of crashing the stove market in this country. He is returning this month to build another Kachelofen at a school in New Hampshire.

Dr. Lawrence and Sheila Leiberman heard about Franklin stoves from a relative who sells them on Long Island. They put one in their living room in Glen Rock, New Jersey, in the midst of last winter's gas crisis, and soon discovered they were the only people in their suburban neighborhood with any heat. "We were inviting people over just to keep warm," says Mrs. Leiberman. They have added a "heat miser" to the flue this year and hope, even at $50 a cord for wood, to do better than the 40 percent savings they recorded on their heating bills last year.

William and Cornelia Bensley live in Day, New York, right at the foot of the Adirondacks, where winter lasts six

PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL KIENITZ

Douglass Steege and Kristine Euclid chopping energy in Wisconsin

months and snow sometimes piles up in 20-foot drifts. Bensley, a dairy farmer who sits on the Saratoga County Board of Supervisors, bought a Jotul as his personal solution to the fuel shortage. "It's been just unbelievable," he says. "We're heating our whole house just from our own 20-acre woodlot. We're saving $500–$600 a year." And, says Mrs. Bensley, "it's much more comfortable than oil heat."

James and Katherine Carter are using a combination gas/wood Duotherm furnace to heat their seven-room home in Lansing, Michigan, for only $80 a year. "It's a fantastic system," says Carter, a stockbroker, who says he's already heard enough jokes about his name to last two terms. "We throw some wood in the furnace when we leave the house at seven , and it's still going when we get home at night." "We've been able to get all the wood we want just by asking around for scrap," says Mrs. Carter, a teacher. "A lot of our friends thought we were nuts to do this, but now we're beating them all on heating bills."

Douglass Steege and Kristine Euclid, his wife, designed and built their own solar home with a Jotul stove and a gas auxiliary system in Madison, Wisconsin, last year. "We're getting 45 percent of our heat from the solar, 35 percent from gas and 20 percent from our wood," says Euclid, a lawyer. "Our total heat and hot water bill last year was ninety-two dollars." Steege, who sells solar units, says he enjoys cutting the wood to heat their seven-room home. "We have enough wood on our quarter-acre lot to be completely self-sufficient," he says.

Don and Kay Ellesby put a wood stove and a fireplace in the home they designed for themselves in the relatively balmy climate of Heraldsburg, California, just north of San Francisco. "We tried to put in solar hot-water, but the county turned us down," she says. "These building officials go crazy if you mention anything out of the ordinary to them." The Ellesbys are burning about three cords of eucalyptus wood each winter and saving the $40 a month they would have spent on gas. "All it takes is a few days of work in the fall and we're all set for the winter," he says.

—W. T.

James Carter, of Lansing, Michigan, who has been using a Canadian-made wood-burning furnace that gives him central heating for $6 a month in the winter. "But quite frankly, I'm not encouraging any of them to do it themselves. If a lot of people suddenly started doing this, the economics might change significantly. I don't think it's really the answer for large numbers of people." (That wood furnace, incidentally, burned 20 cords last winter.)

Chances are, though, that wood-supplying industries will spring up and the price will level off as more people start making a living by bringing wood out of the forests. Oregon is already talking about improving its lumbering roads to give more people a chance to cut wood where it will do the most good. "Selective cutting actually improves the forests because it reduces the competition among trees," says David Isaac of the Oregon Department of Energy. "It's like weeding your garden. We've got enough new wood growing each year to supply a good part of the state's energy requirements. It's just a matter of going back into the woods and getting it."

In Vermont, state officials are now encouraging the use of wood as an alternate source of energy. "Up until now, we've always been on the wrong end of the energy pipeline," says Governor Richard Snelling. "We're looking to wood as an energy source that is going to give us back a little of our self-sufficiency. As a Yankee you have to feel good about that."

Vermont is looking into new technologies such as "whole-tree harvesting" (*New Times*, October 31, 1975) to get large quantities of wood out of the forests and into the stoves and boilers. The Burlington Electric Company, which supplies electricity to the state's largest and most industrial city, has already converted one of its 10-megawatt generators to wood heat and is now thinking about converting its entire 50-megawatt capacity to wood within the next five years. The Waterbury State Hospital, a major state facility, has also recently converted to a wood-burning boiler at a saving of 600,000 gallons of oil per year.

All this is encouraging news to Duncan Syme and the people at Vermont Castings, who probably have a long wait before they run out of buyers for their stoves. "There's a tremendous feeling around here of being in the right place at the right time," says Vance Smith, a sunny-haired ex-Californian who has taken a year off from her architectural career to be Vermont Castings' advertising manager. "We're still small enough to celebrate people's birthdays in the office. But we know we're onto something big here."

There is indeed a good deal of casual communication between the "hippies" in the front office and the blue-collar workers who have flocked to Vermont Castings in order to earn $3 an hour making stoves. In Vance's office, building foreman Ralph Barrett tells stories about raccoons that will lure hunting dogs into water and drown them, while "Sucosh" Norton tells stories of his own fishing expeditions.

But there is also an underlying ten-

sion. Syme and his friends are no longer "hippie carpenters" or drop-out architects. They are businessmen now—subject to the problems that plague management. Will there be demands for higher wages? And if Syme and company reject them—in order to keep the price of their product down to something most people can afford—will they be seen as flint-hearted factory owners?

"This may sound odd, but I don't really see any problems developing," Syme says. He is sitting at home now, relaxing with a beer on a huge, floppy sofa. His wife, Delinda, is sitting next to him while one young son tries to keep another from tearing the antenna off the television set. The Syme's mountaintop home, which offers a view of four states, is outfitted with a trusty Defiant.

"We spent just about every weekend of the winter out cutting wood, but it's good hard work and nobody minded it that much," says a man whose utility bill went from $600 to $30

"We're paying slightly above the standard wage in Vermont right now," Syme says. "Vermont is not a strong union state—in fact, it's very anti-union. We're trying to set up a merit system of incentives so that we'll be able to pay people for making stoves, rather than just having them come in and build toward their unemployment."

There seems to be some evidence that Syme is sizing up the situation correctly. A factory worker I asked said he did not expect any agitation for higher wages. "If they had to pay everybody five dollars an hour here, they'd have to charge a thousand dollars a stove, and nobody would buy them," he said. The Defiant sells for $550 and the Vigilant for $450.

"Besides, you don't realize how far a hundred and twenty dollars a week can go up here. Things are much cheaper than they are down in the cities."

Does Syme have any thoughts about eventually selling the business or allowing a merger if the whole thing becomes too big to handle? After all, there are still risks, and if the bottom suddenly drops out of the stove market, he could find himself sitting on an overextended manufacturing plant with a lot of unhappy people around.

"Everything's for sale. I mean, your mother is for sale if the price is right," Syme says. "But I think what we're going to try to do here is just maintain some autonomy in a field that is going to be getting very competitive in a short time."

Vermont Castings recently found out how competitive the business can be when a Washington State stove company allegedly copied the Defiant and tried to sell it as its own stove. Syme went to court seeking a temporary restraining order against the 100-year-old stove manufacturer.

"I think people have to start thinking about just how they're going to use this firewood idea," Syme says, getting even more comfortable in front of the fire. "I'm not so sure whether I like this idea of using wood to run a boiler in your basement. A lot of people are starting to talk about using wood as if it were gas or oil. Wood is wood and I think it ought to be used that way. It's difficult to transport and hard to use in large quantities. But the best thing about wood is that it's something you can hold in your hand, something you can watch while it's burning. You can keep it in your living room—it's not something you have to store in a tank in your basement. I like to know where the heat is coming from when I go in a house. That's why I like a wood stove."

Wood heating is producing some of its own problems, though. There is the danger of chimney fires and of sparks and ash flying around inside your house. "We're burning down about one home a week in northern Wisconsin because of people who haven't learned how to handle their wood stoves," says John Armstrong of the Wisconsin Office of Planning and Energy. Fire insurance companies are taking note and have practically doubled the rates on some homes that have wood stoves, cutting significantly into the economic advantages of wood heating.

There are other annoying problems as well. Building inspectors are still very skeptical about wood heat and in some areas of the country are requiring complete electrical or boiler-fired back-up units, which doubles the heating installation costs in new homes.

"There has to be a tremendous re-education process in the country," says Jean Martin, a resident of Bodega Bay, California, who finally convinced local officials to allow her to have complete wood heating and cooking in her new home overlooking the Pacific. "People don't realize what a resource we have here and how easy it is to use it."

But for Duncan Syme, these problems are still far off, and he is still basking in his current success. "We reached a point where everything fell into place," he says, relaxing in front of the fire while the cold Vermont wind whips at the windows. "It was as if someone had written on the wall of history, 'Go and build thou a stove.'" ●

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There's new evidence that Oswald's killer was involved with some of America's most powerful mobsters—the same ones used by the CIA in several attempts to kill Fidel Castro

By William Scott Malone

THE SECRET LIFE OF JACK RUBY

William Scott Malone, a Washington-based free-lance writer, has worked for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation's Fifth Estate, *a TV news show. In researching this article over the last 18 months, Malone logged thousands of miles conducting 50 hours of taped interviews and examining the records of various court cases across the country. He also spent hundreds of hours at the National Archives, reviewing FBI and CIA documents on the JFK assassination.*

In January 1967 Jack Ruby, the man who killed Lee Harvey Oswald, sat in a Dallas jail cell, dying of cancer. But he was less troubled by his circumstances than by one consuming fear: that people would find out about him, because there was still much to learn. He told a visitor, "They're going to find out about my trips to Cuba . . . and the guns and everything." That's what worried Jack Ruby most in the months before he died: that they would *find out.*

In the decade since his death, the secrets Ruby guarded have remained well kept. But now it is possible to piece some of them together. And what emerges is an unavoidable conclusion: contrary to the findings of the Warren Commission, Jack Ruby was involved with some of the most prominent mobsters in America, the same ones used by the CIA in several unsuccessful attempts to kill Cuban Premier Fidel Castro.

WIDE WORLD

Up from Anonymity: Jack Ruby (inset) makes his television debut

The House Select Committee on Assassinations has discovered new evidence about Jack Ruby's activities, portions of which have been made available to *New Times.* This evidence, together with a review of thousands of pages of FBI, CIA and federal court documents, and interviews with law-enforcement officials and others, also indicates:

- That Ruby met secretly with Johnny Roselli in Miami two months before President Kennedy was killed. Roselli was a powerful gangster and had been a major participant in the CIA plots to kill Castro;
- That Ruby was involved in smuggling guns to Castro before the Cuban Revolution;
- That Ruby helped secure the release of a top American mobster imprisoned by Castro, offering Cuba money and jeeps in exchange for a pardon;
- That in 1959, at the same time he was arranging shady deals in Cuba, Ruby was an FBI informant providing the Bureau with useless information;
- That Ruby may have made secret tape recordings of his dealings with members of the mob (See box on page 49).

Although the FBI has just released 40,000 pages of its Kennedy assassination file—with another 40,000 pages to come the middle of this month—officials say that more than 10 percent of the file will still be withheld from the public. But the most pertinent FBI documents uncovered by *New Times* were not in the assassination file and were not provided to the Warren Commission. Much of the new evidence about Ruby is to be found in the FBI's files on Cuba and on organized crime.

This new evidence does not reveal whether Ruby or his mobster friends played a role in the Kennedy assassination. But that possibility so intrigued the House committee that last March it called mob leader Santos Trafficante to Washington for public testimony. He was the mobster whose freedom from a Cuban jail had apparently been arranged by Ruby. The committee's questioning of Trafficante was pointed:

"Mr. Trafficante, did you ever discuss with any individuals plans to assassinate President Kennedy prior to his assassination?"

"Prior to November 22, 1963, did you know Jack Ruby?"

"While you were in prison in Cuba, were you visited by Jack Ruby?"

The grandfatherly Trafficante, accompanied by his lawyer, had only one response to everything he was asked: "I respectfully refuse to answer that question pursuant to my constitutional rights under the First, Fourth, Fifth and Fourteenth Amendments."

Jack Ruby's story, as it is now emerging, is the story of a man who tried all his life to ingratiate himself to men like Santos Trafficante—and who, to some extent, succeeded. Ruby bore absolutely no resemblance to the picture of a patriotic nightclub owner painted by the Warren Commission. He was born and raised on Chicago's tough West Side, where he became known to police as a brawler, a seller of hot merchandise and a general troublemaker. As a teenager he ran numbers for Al Capone. The Warren Commission knew this about Jack Ruby, but thought it little more than an adolescent flirtation. The commission knew, as well, that Ruby continued to associate with criminals, but believed that these associations were with low-level gamblers. "Based on its evaluation of the record," said the Warren Report, "the commission believes that the evidence does not establish a significant link between Ruby and organized crime."

To reach that conclusion, the commission had to ignore memoranda from its staff, which knew about some of Ruby's illicit activities; and the staff was, in turn, kept in the dark by the FBI and CIA, which knew even more.

Ruby moved from Chicago to Los Angeles in 1933 and began selling handicapper's tip sheets at Santa Anita racetrack. Johnny Roselli testified to the Kefauver Crime Committee in 1951 that he, too, had moved from Chicago to Los Angeles in 1933—to oversee gambling at Santa Anita for the Chicago mob.

By 1939, Ruby was back in Chicago as a secretary to the waste handlers union. He was once arrested in connection with the murder of the secretary-treasurer of the local, although he was released for lack of evidence. That murder enabled the mob, and eventually the Teamsters, to take over the union. (Robert Kennedy, in his book *The Enemy Within*, called this episode a key step in the mob's rise to domination over the Teamsters.)

Luis Kutner, a Chicago lawyer who worked with the Kefauver Committee, says Ruby hobnobbed with Chicago mob boss Sam Giancana and his crowd during this period. Then, after a brief stint in the army, Ruby moved to Texas in 1947 as part of a Chicago mob move into the lucrative Dallas rackets.

Jack Ruby's story, as it is now emerging, is the story of a man who tried all his life to ingratiate himself to powerful mobsters—and who, to some extent, eventually succeeded

At that time, Ruby was investigated by the Federal Bureau of Narcotics, after several friends who had accompanied him from Chicago were arrested with 40 pounds of opium. Ruby, though, learned fast—from his first days in Dallas, he was careful to become friendly with the local police. Later he became known as "the pay-off man for the Dallas Police Department," and a man who "had the fix with the county authorities," according to FBI documents quoting members of the Dallas underworld.

By 1956, a Federal Bureau of Narcotics informant had named Ruby as the contact for a "large narcotics set-up operating between Mexico, Texas and the East." FBI reports contained in the Warren Commission files also indicate that Ruby was heavily involved in various gambling operations in the area. By almost all accounts, whether it was narcotics, gambling, prostitution or bribery, Jack Ruby was the man to see in Dallas.

Yet Ruby didn't limit himself to Dallas. By the late 1950s, according to his own Warren Commission testimony, Ruby had developed a particular affinity for all things Cuban. That was where the money was and that was where the Mafia was. It was through his Cuban intrigues that Ruby's trail crossed those of some of the most powerful organized-crime bosses in America. Cuba was the connecting thread.

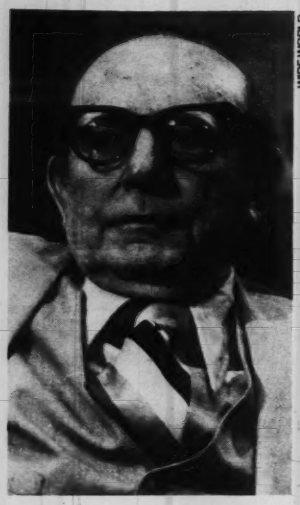
Cuba and the Mob

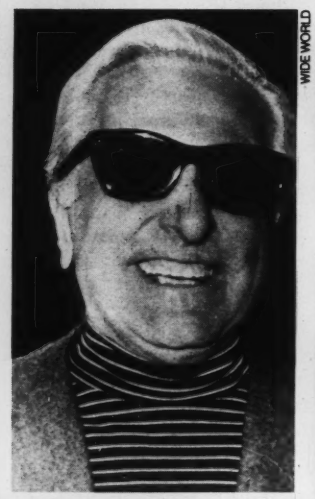
During the late 1950s, the Mafia followed a curious strategy in Cuba. The same American mobsters who would later join with the CIA in a conspiracy to kill Castro were actually supplying his rebel army with guns. It wasn't that the American gangsters wanted Castro to overthrow Fulgencio Batista's government. (The corrupt Batista was a good friend of the mob.) They were merely buying themselves some insurance. If they helped Castro, they reasoned, he would protect their considerable interests should he ever come to power.

One of the major participants in the syndicate's attempt to hedge its bets in the explosive Cuban political situation was Norman "Roughhouse" Rothman. Beginning in 1958, Rothman, a strapping Havana-based mobster and one of Santos Trafficante's closest associates, coordinated the smuggling of arms to Castro. (Simultaneously, Rothman was splitting his take from Cuba's slot machines with Batista's brother-in-law.) The available evidence indicates that Ruby helped in Rothman's gun smuggling. After Ruby captured national attention in 1963, two women came forward to identify him to the FBI as a man they had met in June 1958, in the Florida Keys. They were introduced to Ruby by the brother of one of the women, a confirmed Cuban gunrunner. The women were told that "Jack" was going to "run some guns to Cuba." One of them told the FBI that "Jack had a trunk full of guns," and that she was told that "more guns were hidden in the marshes which would be sold to the Cubans." The other woman recalled that she was led to believe that "Jack," who owned a nightclub in Dallas, was a member of the "syndicate."

Ruby was connected even more directly to Rothman's operation by a Miami FBI informant named Blaney Mack Johnson. Johnson told the FBI that Ruby was "active in arranging illegal flights of weapons from Miami to Castro forces in Cuba," and that he was reportedly part-owner of two planes used to make the flights.

Johnson named Eddie Browder as a gunrunning pilot involved with Ruby in the operation. Browder, a flamboyant Miami arms dealer, was Rothman's main operative in the gun smuggling, according to various federal court documents. Browder's FBI file, which has not been released by the Bureau, is more than a thousand pages thick. Yet the FBI turned over only three innocu-





The Line-Up: (Left to right) Santos Trafficante respectfully refusing to answer questions; Norman "Roughhouse" Rothman at his 1960 gun smuggling trial; Castro hit-squad organizer Johnny Roselli, whose body turned up in a Miami bay two months after he testified before the Senate; and his boss, Sam Giancana, who took seven bullets in the face a week before his scheduled testimony

ous reports to the Warren Commission.

One of the more interesting names that pops up in Browder's FBI file is that of Frank Sturgis, better known as one of the Watergate burglers. Sturgis was then a swashbuckling soldier of fortune, a gunrunner for Castro and, according to several sources, a close associate of Normie Rothman. Another of Browder's colleagues in the Rothman arms-smuggling operation, as revealed in the FBI file, was Efren Pichardo, a long-time friend of Sturgis.

The gun smuggling began in mid-May 1958, and continued full-throttle that summer, with Browder, Sturgis, Pichardo and others traveling up to Alexandria, Virginia, to buy rifles and machine guns from the International Armament Corporation (then a CIA proprietary) with crisp hundred-dollar bills. They transported the arms in station wagons and small trucks to secret drop-off points in the Florida Keys. There, the guns were stored until they could be picked up and smuggled into Cuba.

When questioned, Pichardo confirms that the arms were hidden in the marshes of the Florida Keys (where Ruby was seen by the two women in June 1958), and he recalls running guns with Browder and Sturgis—but his memory grows vague when asked about Ruby or Rothman. Sturgis' memory, too, seems quickly to fade at the mention of Ruby and Rothman, and documents relating to Ruby's gun trafficking have mysteriously disappeared from federal government files. A 1958 letter from a Jack Rubenstein (Ruby's real name, which he often used in connection with his Cuban activities) to the State Department's Office of Munitions Controls, "requesting permission to negotiate the purchase of firearms and ammunition from an Italian firm," though discovered by the State Department in a 1963 file search, is inexplicably missing from the files today. And a 1959 Army Intelligence report on U.S. arms dealers listing a "Jack Rubenstein" also cannot be located, although it, too, Army Intelligence clerks found, was around in 1963.

It was through his Cuban intrigues that Ruby's trail crossed those of some of the most powerful organized-crime bosses in America. Cuba was the connecting thread

Exactly how much Ruby's efforts may have contributed to the success of the gunrunning operation is not clear—probably little. Although Ruby's involvement in the gunrunning was minor, he later told his psychiatrist and lawyers that he feared his role would be revealed and he would be considered unpatriotic, even communistic. Ruby was not alone. Of all the Americans who helped Castro before the revolution, very few talk openly of their involvement. Most simply deny it.

The reason, of course, is that their efforts were enormously successful. American guns made the revolution succeed. They started arriving in the summer of 1958, and a few months later, on New Year's Day, 1959, Fidel Castro marched into Havana. Batista was overthrown and fled to the Dominican Republic, and his patron, mob chieftain Meyer Lansky, left quickly for Miami.

Lansky, described by knowledgeable crime reporters as the chairman of the board of the national crime syndicate, a loose confederation of America's top organized-crime families, was forced to flee because of his conspicuous friendship with Batista. He left behind his good friend Trafficante to make sure that business continued as usual.

But Fidel Castro was determined to rid Cuba of the American Mafia. Shortly after taking power, he announced to a small group of his advisers that he intended to nationalize the casinos and other American business interests.

One of those who attended that meeting in the Havana Hilton, Castro's temporary headquarters, was Frank Sturgis, by then a trusted aide. Sturgis quotes Castro as saying, "I'm going to run all these fascist mobsters, all these American gangsters, out of Cuba. I'm going to nationalize everything. Cuba for Cubans."

Sturgis, whom Castro put in charge of Cuba's casinos, says he had actually been working undercover for the CIA all along; and, after the meeting, he says he informed several American casino owners, as well as the American Embassy, of Castro's intentions.

Sturgis says he specifically warned Trafficante, known to American authorities as the kingpin of narcotics in the Caribbean, of Castro's plans. But Trafficante did not heed the warning, telling Sturgis, "Not in this world; you think he's going to close up a hundred million dollars' worth of businesses that we got? We generate over ten thousand people working. He's going to put all these Cubans out of work? He'll never do it."

But Santos Trafficante was soon to learn otherwise. Sturgis, on Castro's or-

ders, closed down the gambling casinos for ten days as a warning of what was in store. The Mafia began to get the message. And, while Castro reopened the casinos on a limited basis in March 1959, the underworld knew that it was in for rough times in Cuba. The crowning blow came in April, when Castro had Trafficante, the undisputed boss of the Havana underworld, arrested and thrown in prison.

Soon afterward, according to FBI sources, at a meeting of the national crime syndicate, Meyer Lansky placed a $1 million contract on the life of Fidel Castro. Present at the meeting was the rotund gangland boss of Chicago, Sam Giancana, who was to become a central figure in the CIA plots against Castro.

Sturgis says that in 1959 several prominent gangsters offerred him between $100,000 and $1 million to eliminate Castro. One of them was Normie Rothman, who sent an emissary to Sturgis with an assassination plan. Sturgis says that he refused the offers but relayed the mob's interest in assassinating Castro to his CIA contact in Havana. The CIA-Mafia plots were initiated shortly thereafter.

Ruby told the Warren Commission he made only one trip to Cuba—a pleasure trip in 1959. But he may have traveled to Havana six times or more—on mob-connected errands

Rothman's efforts continued but they now had the official sanction of the United States Central Intelligence Agency. According to two newly uncovered FBI reports, Rothman was one of the original liaisons between the CIA and the Mafia. He was soon joined by others.

The Senate Intelligence Committee, which investigated the CIA-Mafia connections, reported that Johnny Roselli, the ambassador to Las Vegas for the Chicago mob, was chosen to actually organize the assassination of Castro—with the CIA supplying the necessary money and weapons. As the plotting progressed, Roselli quickly realized he would need the assistance of Trafficante, who still had many of his underworld henchmen in Havana. Roselli contacted Giancana, his boss in Chicago, to arrange a meeting with Trafficante, who promptly put several of his lieutenants—including Rothman—at Roselli's disposal. Trafficante and his men would become the main operatives in the CIA-Mafia assassination attempts.

It was around this time that Jack Ruby apparently became a frequent visitor to Cuba, developing connections to several of Trafficante's lieutenants, as well as to Trafficante himself.

The Warren Report, though, merely reiterated Ruby's story that he made only one trip to Cuba—a pleasure trip in 1959. But FBI reports indicate that Ruby may have traveled to Havana six or more times. It wasn't hard to visit Cuba secretly in those days, leaving behind no records of the journey. The only document required to enter Cuba was a $2.50 "tourist card" that could be filled in with any name one chose.

Indeed, Ruby knew more about Cuba

RUBYGATE

In a letter to the Warren Commission only declassified in 1975, J. Edgar Hoover disclosed that on March 11, 1959, as Jack Ruby was about to embark on his most audacious Cuban exploit—the attempt to secure the release of mobster Santos Trafficante from jail—he was contacted by special agent Charles W. Flynn of the Dallas office. Flynn asked if Ruby would become an informant for the Bureau. According to Hoover's letter, Ruby "expressed a willingness to furnish information." (Ruby had long been an informer for the Dallas Police Department—the police, in return, would then stay out of his way. But his status was relatively low.)

Flynn says he hoped Ruby would know something about crime in Dallas (burglaries, bank robberies and the like). In fact, Ruby knew very little about such activities at the time, because he was up to his neck in Cuban intrigue with some of America's top mobsters—a potential gold mine of intelligence infomation for the FBI. But Flynn says he didn't know about Ruby's Cuban connection.

After their initial contact in March, Ruby and Flynn's next substantive meeting was to be April 28, 1959. Apparently in preparation for this meeting and his subsequent work for the Bureau, Ruby purchased over five hundred dollars' worth of miniature tape-recording equipment in March or April of that year. The saleswoman who waited on Ruby told Secret Service agents after Kennedy's assassination that Ruby had bought "a wristwatch which held a microphone for the equipment, and also an instrument to bug a telephone," as well as a "tie clip and attache case." Professional spy equipment.

An FBI agent interviewed the saleswoman immediately after the Secret Service did but he filed a meager two-paragraph report, leaving out most of the important details.

In any event, on April 27, 1959, the day before he was to meet with agent Flynn, Ruby rented a safe deposit box, perhaps as a repository for the tapes he intended to make. Before and after every trip to Cuba, Ruby would enter his safe deposit box and then visit his FBI contact.

In total, the FBI dealt with Ruby on nine occasions between March 11 and October 2, 1959, during the height of his Cuban activities. The FBI maintains it received absolutely no useful information from Ruby, but several present and former FBI agents, including Representative Don Edwards (D–Calif.), say the Bureau never interviews an informant nine times if he is providing worthless information.

Special agent Flynn, who retired in 1962, says he was new at the job in 1959, and that his inexperience explains the repeated contacts with an unproductive informant. Flynn also insists that he can remember nothing of substance about his dealings with Ruby. (But there are conflicts between what he does remember and the reports he filed with the Bureau.) Flynn denies any knowledge of Ruby's safe deposit box, his expensive spy equipment, his trips to Cuba, or his association with Trafficante and McWillie.

Ruby certainly was not trying to hide his Cuban trips from the FBI. Before embarking on one of his jaunts in 1959, Ruby was overheard by an airline ticket agent talking to one of his employees on the phone. Ruby told the employee not to tell anyone of his whereabouts *except* for the Dallas police or any other "law enforcement official" who might be interested. And Flynn told a reporter several years ago that Ruby *did* tell him of at least one of his Cuban excursions.

If Flynn and the Bureau are telling the truth, it makes Hoover's FBI look like modern-day Keystone Cops. If Flynn and the Bureau are lying, it is one of the more significant coverups in the FBI's history.

After Ruby was arrested for murdering Oswald, his safe deposit box was opened by the Dallas police. According to an FBI report, "when opened, this box was completely empty." The last time it had been entered was August 20, 1962, over a year earlier. The FBI report noted that "the identity of the person opening the box at this time is not reflected." Yet it is impossible to enter a safe deposit box without being the authorized renter, showing proper identification and signing a name card. Unless, of course, you happen to be a federal law-enforcement official. —*W. S. M.*

and its politics than the average Dallas nightclub owner might have been expected to know. At a news conference hours after Kennedy was killed, Dallas District Attorney Henry Wade erroneously told the assembled press that Oswald was a member of the Free Cuba Committee, a violently anti-Castro organization with CIA ties. A voice arose from the back of the press room, politely informing Wade that Oswald was a member of the pro-Castro Fair Play for Cuba Committee, and that "there is a great difference" between the two. The voice belonged to Jack Ruby.

Ruby told the Warren Commission that his "one" trip to Cuba was purely a social visit at the invitation of his best friend, Lewis J. McWillie. As Ruby testified, he "idolized" McWillie—and McWillie, in turn, told the FBI that he treated Ruby as "one would a brother."

Enter McWillie

To understand Ruby's Cuban intrigues it is necessary to understand the tangled affairs of his friend McWillie. A former girlfriend described McWillie to the FBI as "a big-time gambler, who has always been in the big money and operated top gambling establishments in the United States and Cuba. He always had a 'torpedo' [bodyguard] living with him for protection."

According to FBI reports, McWillie had run several illegal gambling houses in the Dallas area before moving to Cuba in the summer of 1958—about the same time Ruby was seen in the Florida Keys with his trunk full of guns. Arriving in Havana, McWillie was promptly hired by Rothman as a pitboss in Trafficante's Sans Souci casino. In September 1958, McWillie moved to the Tropicana casino, described at the time as "the largest nightclub in the world." It was in Havana that McWillie became a close associate of what were, according to the FBI, some of the most prominent gambling hoodlums in the U.S.

Among them were Santos Trafficante and the Lansky brothers, Meyer and Jake. During the course of several interviews conducted over the last year, McWillie admitted to knowing Rothman, who, he said, "had something to do with the slot machines" at the Tropicana, but he denied knowing Trafficante or the Lansky brothers.

However, an FBI document that intrigued the Senate Intelligence Committee reports that "McWillie solidified his syndicate connections through his associations in Havana, Cuba, with Santos Trafficante, well-known syndicate member from Tampa, Florida; Meyer and Jake Lanski [sic]; Dino Cellini and others who were members or associates of 'the syndicate.'"

McWillie's boss, Trafficante, was arrested in Havana in April 1959. In late April or early May, saying it was a "life

Don't light that cigar!: Fidel Castro chuckles about something he read in the afternoon paper

and death matter," Jack Ruby tracked down Robert McKeown, a convicted gun smuggler and an intimate of Fidel Castro. According to FBI interviews, Ruby told McKeown that he was attempting to get three people out of a Cuban prison. He said that if McKeown could facilitate their release, he would be paid $5,000 per person, adding that someone in Las Vegas would finance the operation.

In mid to late May 1959, a man whom McKeown later identified to the FBI as Jack Ruby appeared at McKeown's store in Houston, and the two men adjourned to a back room to discuss details. Ruby's plan was simple: make a trade with Castro. He told McKeown that he had an option on some jeeps in Louisiana that he could use in the exchange. Ruby said he was willing to do almost anything to get these people out of Cuba; and to secure the deal, Ruby offered McKeown $25,000 for a letter of introduction to Fidel Castro which would "clearly indicate that the bearer was responsible and reliable."

A short time later, Ruby visited McWillie in Cuba. And on July 8, 1959, Castro ordered the deportation of three prisoners: Loran Hall, Henry Saavedra and Santos Trafficante.

According to information obtained by congressional investigators and outlined in a confidential House Assassinations Committee briefing memorandum, "Lewis J. McWillie, a close friend of Ruby and a man with many contacts among organized-crime figures, indicates that in 1959 Jack Ruby traveled to Cuba and visited Santos Trafficante in jail." And a recently declassified CIA cable, dated November 27, 1963, reports that a British journalist told the American Embassy in London that he had been in Cuba in 1959, and that he was briefly jailed by Castro before being deported. The journalist, John Wilson-Hudson, said that while in jail he "knew a gambling-gangster type named Santos" who, he said, "was visited frequently by another American gangster-type named Ruby."

A further indication that Ruby visited Cuba frequently comes from an FBI report. The report says a Ruby employee "managed Ruby's Vegas club during the *three summer months*, during which period Ruby vacationed in Cuba." (Emphasis added.) Ruby's frantic activity actually began in May, when, after meeting with McKeown, Ruby passed a message of some sort—in code—to McWillie in Havana. The woman who carried the message could remember only one word of it when questioned four years later by the FBI. The word was "arriving."

By June, according to Gerry Patrick Hemming, a hulking, six-foot-six soldier of fortune who was a member of Castro's rebel army, Ruby was in Cuba attending a meeting at the home of rebel Captain William Morgan. Morgan, an American, was a hero of the revolution and a man with considerable pull in Cuba. He was also an acquaintance of Lewis McWillie. Hemming says he does not know the purpose or outcome of Ruby's meeting with Morgan, but it was apparently in connection with the effort to secure Trafficante's release from jail. (Hemming's testimony has not always proved reliable, but this account has been partially confirmed by several sources, including federal court documents.)

Ruby was seen again in Havana during the Labor Day weekend (September 5–7) at McWillie's Tropicana, by two Chicago lawyers and an architect. Flight manifests reveal that Ruby was in Miami after Labor Day, and flew to Havana on September 12. He returned to the mainland the next day.

Trafficante was ordered deported in July, but was actually released in September, and was still in Havana, according to news dispatches, on September 13. By early September, FBI reports say, Normie Rothman was also making plans to slip back into Havana.

His campaign to free Santos Trafficante placed Ruby in some fast company. Others who wanted Trafficante released included Johnny Roselli and his boss, Sam Giancana—both of whom, says a House Assassinations Committee memorandum, visited Trafficante in jail in 1959. A close friend of both Roselli and Giancana, who testified before the Senate Intelligence Committee, says Roselli told him, "Ruby was hooked up with Trafficante in the rackets in Havana."

McWillie was still working in one of Trafficante's Havana casinos when the CIA-Mafia plots were initiated. In 1960, McWillie left his job as manager of the Tropicana casino to become a pitboss at the Capri casino. The Capri was then

being run for Trafficante by Charlie "The Blade" Tourine, whose mistress confirms that she was assisting Frank Sturgis in an attempt to slip Castro some CIA poison. The poison plot was apparently the mob's first CIA-sanctioned assassination attempt. Giancana was overheard discussing the plans, bragging that he had met with the "assassin," Sturgis, who had been making the arrangements, according to a 1960 FBI memo.

After the poisoning failed late in 1960, McWillie continued to work at the Capri through December, until he was finally forced to flee on January 2, 1961, to avoid arrest. According to Jack Ruby and others, McWillie was one of the last American gangsters to leave Cuba.

Ruby was in constant contact by phone with McWillie after he fled Cuba. This was during the height of the Castro assassination plotting, when Roselli, Giancana, Trafficante and the CIA were meeting in Miami. McWillie was also in Miami, where he remained for the first six months of 1961, until shortly after the failure of the Bay of Pigs invasion and the first two CIA-Mafia assassination attempts against Castro. He then took a job as floor manager at Lake Tahoe's Cal-Neva Lodge.

According to Gerry Hemming, by then the leader of an anti-Castro Cuban exile group, "Roselli was using McWillie just prior to the Bay of Pigs, on the hit job [against Castro] and some other intelligence stuff . . . related to some high officials in Castro's government with heavy mob connections."

Re-enter Ruby

In 1962, the CIA renewed its Castro assassination plotting with its Mafia friends, particularly Trafficante. In April, while Trafficante was meeting with the CIA in Florida, Ruby showed up there, allegedly to recruit strippers. He visited several bars in Tampa—the same ones frequented by Trafficante. The CIA and the Mafia decided to have another go.

But like the earlier efforts, this assassination attempt was thwarted by Castro's security officials. And after the Cuban missile crisis in October 1962, the Kennedy Administration lost enthusiasm for the CIA's ill-fated attempts to "liberate" Cuba. The last CIA-Mafia plot apparently came to an end in early March 1963, when one of Roselli's hit squads, equipped with high-powered rifles and walkie-talkies, was picked up on a Havana rooftop.

In late 1963, there was an intriguing development for which there is still no explanation. Federal sources close to the Florida investigation of Johnny Roselli's murder say that two Miami motel rooms have been identified as the locations of two meetings between Roselli and Jack Ruby. The meetings occurred during the two months preceding the Kennedy assassination on November 22, 1963.

Beginning in the summer of 1963, and continuing into November, Roselli was under FBI surveillance. An FBI agent familiar with the case says that Roselli was indeed in Miami when the meetings with Ruby are supposed to have occurred. The FBI's surveillance of Roselli explains how investigators were able to identify the exact motel rooms 14 years later.

Columnist Jack Anderson says that Roselli admitted knowing Ruby. "One of our boys" is how Roselli described him to Anderson. And a Roselli friend says that in the course of various conversations over the years, Roselli often referred to Ruby as "the crazy Jew."

Yet it is still not clear what relationship, if any, exists between Ruby's involvement with the likes of Johnny Roselli and Santos Trafficante, and his

Ruby said he would do almost anything to get these people out of jail. To secure the deal, he offered $25,000 for a letter of introduction to Fidel Castro

murder of Lee Harvey Oswald on November 24, 1963. What is known is that in the month before the assassination, Ruby, according to the Warren Commission, was in close contact with a number of highly interesting "friends": Dusty Miller, head of the Teamsters Union's Southern Conference; Paul "Red" Dorfman, a Hoffa intimate, boss of the Teamsters' mob-riddled Central States Pension Fund, and one of the most powerful organized-crime figures in the country; Irwin S. Weiner, a senior Teamster bondsman with close ties to the Chicago mob, who was acquitted of allegedly defrauding the Teamster pension fund of $1.4 million, after the government's star witness was shotgunned to death; and Barney Baker, described by Robert Kennedy as "Hoffa's roving organizer and ambassador of violence." Baker, in turn, called another of Ruby's friends, Dave Yaras, a Cuban gun runner and member of the Chicago mob, on the eve of the assassination.

And Roselli's version of the Kennedy assassination, as told to Jack Anderson, is worth noting: "When Oswald was picked up, Roselli suggested, the underworld conspirators feared he would crack and disclose information that might lead to them.This almost certainly would have brought a massive U.S. crack-down on the Mafia. So Jack Ruby was ordered to eliminate Oswald . . . ."

Ruby's own version of events seems to coincide with Roselli's. While in jail in 1965, Ruby told his psychiatrist, Dr. Warner Teuter, that he had been part of a conspiracy to kill Kennedy that involved "high government agencies." Although Ruby told others the same thing, Dr. Teuter doubted the truth of the story; Ruby often followed such admissions with fits of ranting and raving.

Ruby had always feared his role in running guns to Castro, if it ever became known, would be seen as unpatriotic. He told Dr. Teuter that he was blackmailed into shooting Oswald by people who threatened to reveal his gun running. "They got what they wanted on me," Ruby said.

In looking for possible connections between the mob and Kennedy's assassination, it is worth remembering that one of Sam Giancana's major obsessions was the Kennedy assault on organized crime. Attorney General Robert Kennedy is reported to have placed Giancana at the top of his "hit list" of those slated for special prosecutorial attention, right below Jimmy Hoffa.

The *Washington Post* recently reported a chilling conversation between Santos Trafficante and a young Cuban exile, Jose Aleman, that allegedly occurred in September 1962. Aleman says it started as a business discussion, but when it turned to the subject of John Kennedy, Trafficante's relaxed mood quickly changed.

"Have you seen how his brother is hitting Hoffa, a man who is a worker, who is not a millionaire, a friend of the blue collars?" Trafficante said. "He doesn't know this kind of encounter is very delicate. Mark my words, this man Kennedy is in trouble, and he will get what is coming to him." Aleman argued that Kennedy would get re-elected, whereupon, he says, Trafficante told him, "No, Jose, he is going to be hit." Aleman says he told the FBI about Trafficante's little indiscretion before Kennedy was gunned down in Dallas. The FBI has yet to comment on the matter.

But House Assassinations Committee investigators say Aleman is sticking to his story. And Santos Trafficante is not taking it very well. House investigators say that when they arrived to serve Trafficante with his subpoena last March, he was actually trembling. And with good reason. In June 1975, Sam Giancana was killed by seven bullets in the face one week before he was slated to testify before the Senate Intelligence Committee. Then, in April 1976, Johnny Roselli testified secretly before the Senate Intelligence subcommittee investigating the Kennedy assassination. Two months later, his mutilated body was found floating in Miami's Dumfoundling Bay, stuffed in an oil drum. ●

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ARLEDGE
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Boxing" had turned Apocrypha, falsifying the records of certain participants (one fighter, who had not fought in over a year, found himself credited with victories in two phantom bouts supposedly held in Mexico) in order to justify their inclusion. At the very least, a disproportionate number of the fighters in the tournament were managed by King's cronies and relatives.

It was difficult to believe that ABC Sports was not hearing what everybody else even vaguely connected to boxing was hearing, especially since a boxing expert hired by the network to protect its interests, Alex Wallau, had circulated an internal memo listing 14 of the 56 fighters in the elimination tournament as out and out "disgraces" and many of the others as simply "marginal." Nevertheless, the network continued to broadcast the show for three months, until an incident occurred that television executives could hardly ignore, if only because it happened *on* television.

Last April, heavyweight Scotty LeDoux, enraged after a controversial decision against him, charged over to winner Johnny Boudreau and started kicking him while Boudreau was being interviewed by Howard Cosell, whose toupee came unstuck along with the tournament. At that point Arledge, who was watching the incident at home, made a curious but not uncharacteristic decision. Although the telecast was over, and producer Chet Forte was already out of the production truck, Arledge ordered him back on the air so that Cosell could question LeDoux about the boxer's charge that the fight was fixed, since Johnny Boudreau was among the stable of boxers managed by Don King's associates. A lackluster entertainment suddenly had become a news event, and Arledge had decided to cover it.

Later, after ABC suspended the tournament and a Maryland grand jury began looking into it, Arledge claimed that the Cosell interview helped establish ABC's good faith in the whole seamy affair. He also hired Michael Armstrong, formerly the chief counsel to the Knapp Commission, to conduct an independent in-house investigation and he put out the word that any fighter who felt he had been unfairly treated should contact him. Not surprisingly, the in-house investigation absolved all participants in the tournament of engaging in "conduct which would warrant criminal prosecution." (This sort of thing is known as a "laugher" in the boxing world.) As for contacting Arledge, when a producer for CBS' *Who's Who*, which did a segment on the tournament, had a gruff-voiced colleague call ABC and pose as a boxer who felt he had been unfairly treated, Arledge's assistant referred him back to *Ring* magazine.

NEIL SELKIRK

ABC's Arledge: Bristling with dots

In terms of the network's culpability, the very least that can be claimed, even accepting Arledge at his word that he never heard the widespread reports of malfeasance, is that he should have scrutinized the tournament more closely (on its very best behavior boxing is not exactly ring-a-levio).

Tabloid Television

Last spring when Fred Pierce, announcing Arledge's appointment as head of ABC News (as well as ABC Sports) remarked that "both departments require instant transmission of current events with uncompromising integrity," there was a fair amount of tittering in the network's newsroom, along with a collective and almost unanimous low moan. People wondered if the man who had been so successful at making dull entertainment into news would be tempted to try the opposite.

From ABC's point of view, however, the move made perfect sense. It was now leading the other networks in all areas but news, where it was losing the little ground it held. (Nine months after Barbara Walters began coanchoring the *Evening News* with Harry Reasoner, the show had fallen a full rating point further behind the competition.) Moreover, several CBS and NBC affiliates that were considering switching to ABC due to its strong primetime schedule were having second thoughts because of its weak news-division.

From Arledge's point of view the move also made sense. He had been at ABC Sports for 17 years, nearly 10 as its president, and had begun to repeat himself (literally, by putting *Wide World of Sports* on Saturday as well as Sunday, and *Monday Night Football* on Tuesday and Thursday). He had avoided signing his new contract at ABC for over a year and was openly considering other offers—a coproduction deal with NBC that would have instantly made him a very rich man, as well as several equally lucrative offers to produce films. In the end Arledge says he chose ABC because it was "one hell of a challenge for a news freak like myself." (He claims to subscribe to—and read—50 newspapers and magazines, including such specialty publications as *Plant Life, Advertising Age* and *Architectural Digest.*)

The one thought that consoled ABC News staffers when they learned of Arledge's appointment was that there was nowhere to go but up. Historically, ABC News had always been the ignored stepchild of an impoverished family. There was no tradition of journalistic integrity at the network, no symbolic equivalent of the bronze relief of Edward R. Murrow that greets employees of CBS News every morning as they arrive at work.

The network first began to put together a news organization in the late fifties, lagging behind CBS and NBC. And even then it was a threadbare effort with a well-deserved reputation for being, as one long-time ABC News producer put it, "last with the least." Film was purchased from two syndicated newsreel services since the network did not have its own crews. As late as 1964, when Marlene Sanders, now a vice president in charge of documentaries, first showed up for work as a fledgling correspondent, there was "one desk and three reporters in the New York bureau. Whoever arrived first got to use the typewriter." The *ABC Evening News* (with Howard K. Smith and Frank Reynolds) expanded to a half-hour color format in 1967, nearly four years after NBC and CBS had made the same move. The next year, when a long-expected merger between ABC and ITT fell through at the last moment, the already woefully inadequate news budget was slashed further. It was a national election year, and ABC News covered the political conventions largely with taped recaps that began late in the evening, a cost-conscious practice that has continued into the present. In 1976, in fact, much of the opening night of the Republican convention was preempted by a routine baseball game.

That kind of network support has, for the most part, engendered the news staff it deserves. There were always a handful of ABC correspondents who were fully competitive with their colleagues on the other networks, but beyond them the pickings were lean indeed. David Buksbaum, a former ABC

News senior producer who is now in charge of special events at CBS, recalls a run-in he had with an ABC correspondent during the Chappaquiddick affair. The correspondent had sent in film of Teddy Kennedy entering a courthouse with a voice-over saying that he would be indicted that day. "Well, what happened inside the courtroom?" Buksbaum impatiently asked the correspondent over the phone. "I don't know," the man admitted. "What do you mean you don't know," Buksbaum screamed. "I never got inside," the correspondent explained. "It was too crowded."

There was only one bright spot in the gloomy history of ABC News. In 1969 the network hired Harry Reasoner away from CBS for the then-staggering fee of $205,000 a year. The caustic, urbane Reasoner was shrewdly teamed with Howard K. Smith, whose conservative, just-folks approach appealed to the heartland. (It was, of course, the same chemistry David Brinkley and Chet Huntley had used so successfully at NBC and seems to be the only dual-anchor approach that appeals to a mass audience.)

About the same time, ABC hired Av Westin from CBS to produce the *Evening News* show. A bright, owlish-looking man then in his late thirties, Westin had worked for years at CBS under Fred Friendly, where many considered him—Friendly included—about the best news producer in the business. He quickened the pace of the ABC show, established the practice of "banking" stories that anticipated news developments, and sharply boosted staff morale in the process. Within a year, 60 more ABC affiliates decided to air the *Evening News*, enabling ABC for the first time to nip at the heels of second-place NBC in the ratings race. But in 1973 Westin lost out in a power struggle to Bill Sheehan—the man whom Arledge eventually replaced—and left the *Evening News* to produce ABC's award-winning documentary series, *Closeup*, then quit the network completely two years later. Under Sheehan, staff morale sank to new lows, and the ratings followed.

Soon after his appointment Arledge staged a weekend retreat for ABC News executives and correspondents at the Montauk Yacht Club on the tip of Long Island. While many of the participants were impressed with his style—everyone was flown out in chartered seaplanes—when it was over, several of them were not sure what if anything their new boss had said. "He talked about having 'impact' and the need for 'tough investigative reporting,'" said one senior correspondent. "Hell, we didn't need to be told that."

Arledge's most unequivocal statement of the weekend was one of strong support for Geraldo Rivera. Answering a question about whether Rivera would be used on the *Evening News*, Arledge said that there were certain kinds of "personality" stories that he did better than anyone else—that he had a presence that "jumped right out of the screen," although, to be sure, his exuberance "needed to be controlled at times." It was a direct answer to a loaded question, one that did not please many at the meeting. For Rivera (who is almost always referred to by ABC News personnel as Jerry Rivers, his name before he decided to go ethnic) has become a symbol of the kind of self-aggrandizing, open-shirted style of reporting that is all too common on local news shows—a symbol, in fact, of that very mix of show biz and news that Arledge himself represents to many of his employees.

What was clear at the meeting and in the days that followed was that Arledge had clout with the network. Elton Rule had announced that the operating budget for the news division would be increased by 25 percent. Anxious to make a quick splash, Arledge lost no time beginning to spend it. He lured Cassie Mackin away from NBC and Sylvia Chase from CBS by nearly doubling their salaries, and, even though both were solid reporters, it was widely felt that Arledge had overpaid by half.

"We put it on first," said Arledge, "because Elvis Presley dropping dead of a heart attack at 42 was just a little less predictable than Ronald Reagan coming out against the Panama Canal treaty"

Probably his most controversial personnel decision was to hire Sander Vanocur, who had not worked on network television since he quit NBC in 1971. As TV critic for the *Washington Post*, Vanocur had written several flattering articles about Arledge that, in the opinion of one ABC News executive, "more properly belonged in the Want Ad section." But it was the job rather than the man that was most widely questioned, for Vanocur was hired to head a special ABC News "investigative unit" that would report directly to Arledge. Given the limited time and near limitless visual demands of television, genuine investigative reporting is a high-sounding promise that is exceedingly difficult to fulfill, as the networks' dismal Watergate record proved. But an independent investigative unit was just the kind of notion that a neophyte news director—especially this one—would jump at.

The single most effective move that Arledge made to calm his jittery staff was to hire back Av Westin as executive producer of the *ABC Evening News*. The two met several times before Westin was sufficiently assured that Arledge knew the difference between "allowing show biz to enhance the news or to interrupt it." Ironically, Westin was particularly reassured when he discovered that his new boss used the same security blanket as everyone else in TV news—the front page of the *New York Times*. Arledge held it up one day—a day when the *Times* revealed that as many as a million Chinese had died in an earthquake—and rhetorically asked Westin how many of the front page stories had appeared on the *Evening News* the night before. "None!" Arledge shouted, his face reddening in frustration. "Not a single goddam one!"

Arledge chose the same day in mid-July that Westin started work to move into his own offices at ABC News—he had found the perfect decoy. Not only was Westin highly regarded by the ABC News staff, but in terms of news judgment he and Arledge seemed to quickly establish a remarkable rapport. ("We finish each other's sentences," Westin says.) In some ways Westin also shared the perspective of an outsider. In the year and a half since Bill Sheehan had fired him, he had worked as a consultant to local news-stations across the country. "It was a real eye opener," he says, recalling the time he was watching the *CBS Evening News* at an affiliate in Tulsa, Oklahoma, when a piece about the Mideast came on—the kind of ho-hum story Westin himself had routinely aired hundreds of times because the Arab-Israeli conflict, like the White House, was almost a fixed department on the network news shows. "Here comes the nightly Jewish piece," the local producer said. "Can't you guys in New York find something else going on that's worth reporting?" Westin left his consulting job determined not to put on the nightly Jewish piece.

Like Arledge, Westin sees the need to pick up the pace of the *Evening News* with shorter, punchier stories, especially "back-of-the-book" stories that could be prepared well in advance and held for a news peg. Westin also wants to "personalize" the news as much as possible. "Look for the smallest entity in the story and try to use it to tell the larger tale," he urged the *Evening News* staff in the first of a series of guidance memos.

Once Arledge had hired Westin he turned to his thorniest problem—the fact that the high-priced, much-ballyhooed anchor team he inherited was a miserable flop. In their nine months

ABC

Sadat, Begin and Walters: The interviewer as star

together, Harry and Barbara had developed an entirely new format: Unhappy Talk News. Despite their we-respect-one-another-and-have-learned-to-work-together denials, Walters and Reasoner clearly loathed one another. It showed on the air, most of all when they were mouthing the sort of light, up-beat banter designed to prove that they didn't loathe one another. At best, they sounded like a couple with a rotten marriage putting on a front for company. At worst, they sounded like combatants at a divorce hearing.

The on-air squabbling may have reached its most ludicrous moment last January, following a feature about retiring Secretary of State Henry Kissinger, whom Barbara Walters, it was no secret, had once dated. The report showed Meadowlark Lemmon of the Harlem Globetrotters presenting the Secretary of State with a team T-shirt and a red-white-and-blue basketball, which a delighted Kissinger proceeded to bounce around his office. When it was over, Barbara looked at Harry and said, "You see, Kissinger's not such a bad fellow after all." Reasoner looked back suggestively and said, "Well, Barbara, I guess you ought to know."

Arledge's initial solution was to turn a bad marriage into an amicable separation by banning the "two shot;" one unlamented July evening was the last time Reasoner and Walters appeared on camera together. But even as separate entities, Arledge wasn't crazy about the two anchors, particularly Reasoner, who had a reputation for being lazy and a bit of a boozer. In an interview last winter, Arledge praised Walters as "a great asset who has been mishandled," then went on to say of Reasoner: "Harry has been on the program for six years, and the show has been going steadily nowhere. The ratings seem to indicate he doesn't have the strength. He has had his shot. It's not that he has been held back."

The plain truth is that there is only one anchorman on television who does have the strength, and CBS has him under lock and key. Arledge decided that if he couldn't win by the existing TV news rules, he'd concoct his own—the subanchor format. The idea was to have one of his top correspondents, such as Frank Reynolds in Washington or Peter Jennings in Europe, play anchorman-of-the-day, introducing a major story in his area and then electronically handing over the microphone to the reporter who actually covered it. The reporter in turn would be directly followed by a colleague covering a different aspect of the story, or by the subanchor for another story in his area, or by Barbara or Harry in New York for an unrelated story.

The new format eliminated the redundancy of an anchorman introducing the major facts of a story for 30 seconds, only to have them repeated by a reporter on location. It saved time, so that several more stories could be squeezed into the 22 minutes and 29 seconds the *Evening News* has for editorial content. And best of all, Arledge had gone a long way toward solving his anchor problem by the simple expedient of ignoring them to death—or half to death, anyway, since the time Barbara and Harry were actually on the air, their "tell-time," had been reduced from about six minutes each broadcast to three.

The next obvious step was to get them out of the studio completely; if you could make reporters into anchors, surely you could do just the opposite. Fortunately, Walters' opinion of her own news-reading abilities isn't much higher than anyone else's. She is eager to report on major stories such as the Son of Sam capture, the New York City blackout and Sadat's visit to Israel. Reasoner has proved somewhat more resistant to field work. The first time he could be lured out from behind his desk was to cover the opening of the Cezanne exhibit at the Museum of Modern Art, a half block from ABC's corporate office; the next, for a piece on Yankee Stadium, a cab drive away. (The betting at ABC News is that Reasoner will not be there after his contract expires in June, and that Arledge will further dilute the dual-anchor approach by using four roving anchors, two in the studio on any given night and two in the field covering stories.)

The new format is not without its own problems. Reporters now have to film two leads to every story: one in which they assume they will be introduced by an anchor or subanchor, and another they "self-introduce," in case a "whip-around" is planned. The production problems of the whip-around have proved a perpetual headache under deadline pressure, and the subanchor concept, which groups several stories together, means that certain minor stories receive far more attention than they deserve, simply because they take place in the same geographical area as a major one, or work on the same general theme or, however artificially, can be made to seem as if they do. Recently, Frank Reynolds, having just subanchored a story on the space-shuttle test in Nevada, said: "New space technology may help us to do things like spot forest fires. Here's Stephen Geer in California to report on a major forest fire there."

Having developed his own format, Arledge went about sprucing the show up visually. He instituted a new *ABC Evening News* logo and a "quad" opening that previewed the major stories of the day with a few seconds of film—the latter borrowed from *Wide World of Sports*. He also darkened the background against which Reasoner and Walters appeared in the studio, told Walters to dress less fussily and gave her some much-appreciated direction, such as reminding her that her tendency to drop her chin at the end of each story robbed her of authority.

Beyond the personnel and format changes, it is hard to pinpoint Arledge's contribution to any given broadcast of the *Evening News*. Although he has an office just off the newsroom—where Westin sits at the head of a large horseshoe-shaped desk facing his staff—he almost never uses it, preferring instead his other office on the executive floor. He sends Westin a steady stream of memos and clippings suggesting possi-

ble stories; few of them ever pan out.

"Roone reminds me of Fred Friendly that way," Westin says. "A hundred ideas come flying out, of which ninety are just about the world's worst. Of the remaining ten, five or seven are as good as anybody else's and three will be startling." But when pressed for examples of both extremes, Westin's memory fails him. Indeed, he can think of only a handful of Arledge's story ideas that have come to fruition. One was a three-part series on TV ratings, and another a story about the appointment of a new Soviet deputy premier (where Arledge's outside tip on the leading candidate eventually proved to be wrong). The others are marginal sports stories, such as a feature on the 50th anniversary of Babe Ruth's home-run record.

One Arledge story suggestion turned out to be the most controversial feature the *Evening News* has yet aired under his tenure—a five-and-a-half minute report on the racy new ABC sitcom *Soap*. Originally, the *Soap* story was scheduled to be aired several weeks before the start of the TV season, when the controversy over the show's explicit sexuality was at its height. But Arledge ordered it held up until the night before the new program premiered, at which time the long report inevitably looked like a promo thinly disguised as news. Worse still, when Arledge learned that Westin had scheduled the story for the end of the broadcast, where a soft-news feature would normally run, he insisted at the last minute that it be moved up in the night's lineup for greater prominence.

Indeed, that kind of last-minute juggling of the lineup—particularly of stories that tie in with other ABC programs—may well be Arledge's primary contribution to the day-to-day operation of the *Evening News*. One afternoon last October, for example, Arledge called Westin at four o'clock to ask if a report on the space-shuttle rehearsal was in the evening's lineup. "No, it was just a dry run," said Westin, who already had turned the story down. But prodded by Arledge, Westin reluctantly agreed to "See if I can fire it up." As it turned out, ABC News was planning a half-hour special on the space-shuttle test the following night, and Arledge wanted to build as much audience interest in it as possible. By 6:00 p.m. he had his teaser on the air.

Not long after, with the opening game of the World Series two days away, Arledge insisted that a report on the upcoming event lead off the program. Filmed in New York and Los Angeles, the feature included shots of sold-out box offices. As the ABC correspondent said: "So, for most fans, the World Series will be seen on the small screen." Not surprisingly, the precise channel of the small screen on which the World Series could be seen was ABC.

When an upcoming ABC News special is not promoted by an actual feature on the *Evening News*, Arledge never fails to have it mentioned. It is to his credit, however, that now there is something to promote; Arledge's clout at ABC can be seen in his ability to get unprofitable news specials on the air at all. Although such shows have not yet preempted *Happy Days* or *Laverne and Shirley*, there have been nearly a dozen of them over the past six months and some, such as Bert Lance's testimony before the Senate Banking Committee, dealt with important news events that no other network covered live.

Others were not covered by the competition for good reason: they were nonevents that Arledge tried to puff into significance, like some fifth-rate game of the week. A case in point was a recent program on a space-shuttle test, one in a long series of such tests, which featured Jules Bergman and Frank Reynolds standing near the launch pad for a half hour with their fingers stuck in their ears. Still other specials, such as one on Elvis Presley, were embarrassingly inept, although admittedly any program that begins with the announcement "*Starsky & Hutch* will be delayed for thirty minutes so that we can bring you the following special report" can't be all bad. *Elvis, Love Me Tender* came close. "Elvis is dead, but this isn't an obituary," began Geraldo Rivera. "This is a tribute." Rivera's hip gushings were followed by Rona Barrett's trite ones. "I will never forget the night he returned to Las Vegas," she enthused. "It is a night that will live with me forever."

While the show is more "tabloid," with its heightened emphasis on such blood-and-guts fare as Son of Sam and battered housewives, it certainly is a long way from being the *National Enquirer* of the air that some of Arledge's critics had forecast

Like Rivera and Barrett, Arledge's errors are most often errors of excess. It was his direct involvement in the Son of Sam capture story that was largely responsible for ABC's overblown coverage. Having received a post-midnight call alerting him of David Berkowitz' arrest, Arledge had immediately rushed down to police headquarters. In the words of an ABC press release issued the next day, "Arledge . . . spent the night at police headquarters in lower Manhattan surprising friends and acquaintances who noted it was unusual for a network news president to involve himself so closely in the coverage of a story." It was indeed. "When I walked in there and saw Arledge in shirtsleeves moving around his cameras," says Bob Lipsyte, "I thought for a minute I was at the Masters."

If Arledge can be faulted for the current excesses of ABC News, he also deserves credit for its successes. The quality of the *Evening News* is much improved under his, and Westin's, stewardship. The look is cleaner, the reporting more aggressive, the pace livelier. Sometimes too lively. "I joke with Av," says White House correspondent Sam Donaldson, "about leading the show with, 'Today the Lord handed down ten commandments, the most important three of which are . . . '"

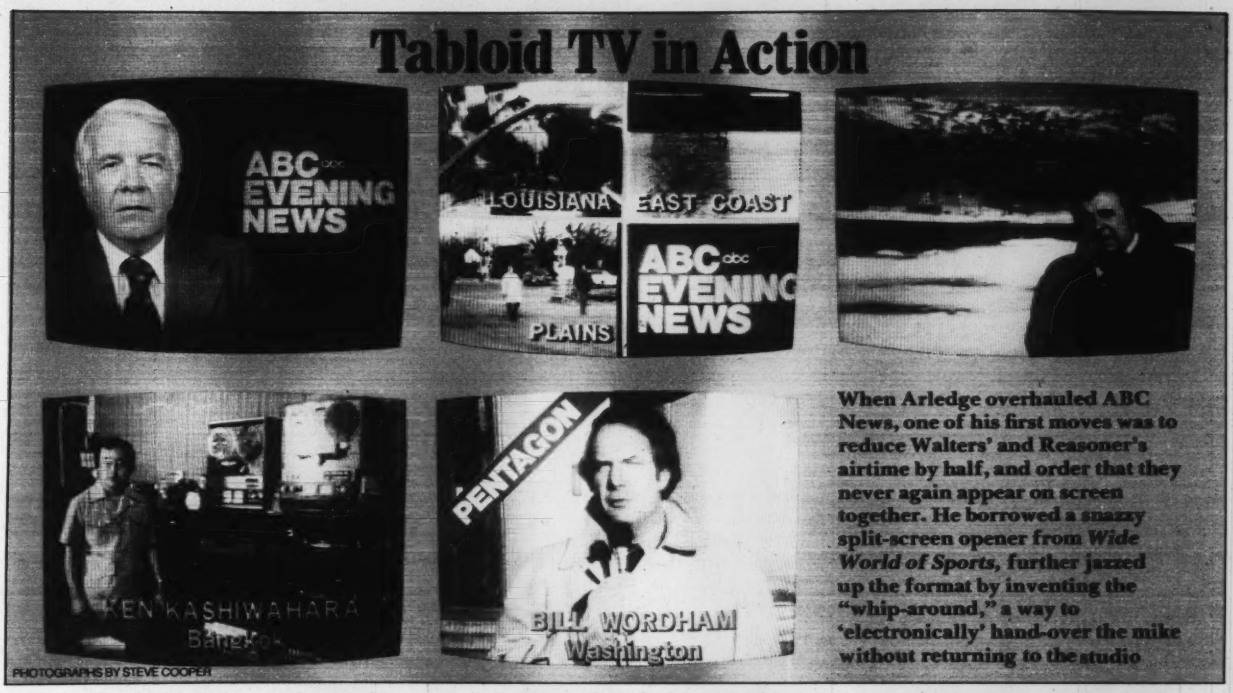
While the show is more "tabloid" (a word heard frequently around the news division these days), with its heightened emphasis on such blood-and-guts fare as Son of Sam and battered housewives, it certainly is a long way from being the *National Enquirer* of the air that some of Arledge's critics had forecast.

At its best the *Evening News* is very good indeed. The network's coverage of Sadat's visit to Israel was excellent, a class act such as ABC rarely put together in the pre-Arledge era. He got his best people there fast and with enough back-up support to cover a war, much less a peace initiative. Television news tends to report news events like sports events even when the head of the sports department is not wearing two hats. It does best when the oppositions are sharp, the issues largely symbolic, the event filled with visually dramatic flag-waving ceremony. The Sadat visit was Arledge's kind of event—the Wide World of Politics, a weekend-long spectacular everyone could root for. Late on the morning of Sadat's arrival, when Harry Reasoner kept apologizing for delaying the start of a college football game, there seemed to be a rough equivalency at work: Michigan vs. Ohio State for rights to the Rose Bowl, Israel vs. Egypt for rights to the Sinai.

For all of Arledge's changes, good and bad alike, the ratings of the *Evening News* have changed hardly at all since he took over; ABC is still running third, pulling less than 20 percent of the audience, while CBS continues to lead with about 30 percent and NBC remains halfway in between.

But Arledge has just begun to fight. What he is fighting for is an entirely new audience for TV news. For years, the viewers of the three network news shows have comprised probably the

Tabloid TV in Action



PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEVE COOPER

When Arledge overhauled ABC News, one of his first moves was to reduce Walters' and Reasoner's airtime by half, and order that they never again appear on screen together. He borrowed a snazzy split-screen opener from *Wide World of Sports*, further jazzed up the format by inventing the "whip-around," a way to 'electronically' hand-over the mike without returning to the studio

most conservative audience of any television program short of the *Lawrence Welk Show*—older (the average viewer is over 50) and *less* educated than the primetime audience. It is not an audience that suffers change lightly—and its patience has not often been tried. Since the late fifties, the model for the network news has been CBS' televised version of the front page of the *New York Times*, a "headline service" directed by "managing editor" Walter Cronkite—and for two decades the other networks have followed that safe and respectable format, a case of the bland leading the bland.

But if the format suits millions of older viewers, apparently it does nothing for millions of others. A statistic that has made a particularly vivid impression on Arledge is that 25 percent of all television viewers, most of them young, never watch TV news at all, although they tune in to Fred Silverman's "kiddie porn" shows a half hour later in droves. Here is a vast group of people who clearly aren't getting what they want on the news. And here is Roone Arledge, who has fashioned a brilliant broadcasting career by knowing exactly what people want—and giving it to them.

Consider, then, the day last September when Elvis Presley died—the same day, coincidentally, that Gerald Ford and Ronald Reagan announced their conflicting positions on the Panama Canal treaty. On its evening news show, ABC led at length with Elvis, a decision which CBS' Salant (whose network led with four minutes on the treaty) later criticized publicly. "I think primarily our job is to give the people what they ought to know," he said at the International Radio and Television Society's luncheon, "because what they want to know is often not very productive. Our job is not to respond to public taste. Elvis Presley was dead—so he was dead."

Arledge was quick to spot the weakness in the argument. "It smacks to me of elitism," he countered, "to sit here and say I'm going to give them what they should have and not what they want. Elvis Presley affected the lives of millions of Americans who are clearly interested in him, and his death—unless there is an overwhelming story somewhere—is a major story that should be dealt with." Afterwards, Arledge wished his response had been less temperate. "Boy, that guy's uptight about us," he said. "I should have told him we put it on first because we figured that Elvis Presley dropping dead of a heart attack at the age of forty-two was just a little less predictable than Ronald Reagan coming out against the Panama Canal treaty."

It was a good point. And several weeks later, when the *CBS Evening News* chose Bing Crosby's death as its lead story, it seemed to confirm Arledge's judgment that the whole Presley discussion had had less to do with objective news evaluation than with the fact that he and Dick Salant simply marched to different drummers—and that his own tastes were more in tune with the younger audience he aims to attract.

There is time enough for that, though—changing America's news viewing habits is a long-distance proposition. For now, it is enough that Arledge has put ABC News on the map. For now, he is more important for who he is than for what he does. His very presence has given the personnel under him a sense of importance; for the first time ever, ABC News is a promising, exciting place to work. If the ratings are still static, attention is being paid all the same, not least of all by Arledge's long-complacent competitors.

Not long ago Howard Cosell did a piece for the *ABC Evening News* marking the 50th anniversary of the Dempsey–Tunney heavyweight championship. It was the kind of routine sports story that the *Evening News* is doing frequently under Arledge. Cosell's script that night was based on a fact sheet prepared by a young ABC newswriter who carelessly had copied down information from several sources without including attributions. Cosell chose to read one particular excerpt from the fact sheet nearly verbatim because the words had a certain ring to them. As it happened, the words came from an *I Can Hear It Now* radio broadcast marking the 25th anniversary of the same fight—and they had a certain ring because they were written and originally read by CBS News' very own icon, Edward R. Murrow.

When Richard Salant saw the *ABC Evening News* that night, it must have seemed like his worst nightmare come to life: the words of Edward R. Murrow out of the mouth of Howard Cosell. Salant quickly fired off an annoyed note to Arledge, who investigated the matter and wrote back a polite and properly contrite apology. But secretly he was gleeful and not a little proud. "They really are uptight," he said with boyish exuberance. "They're watching us. They're really watching what we do." ●

Books/by Geoffrey Wolff

THE WHITE MISCHIEF OF EVELYN WAUGH

The Diaries of Evelyn Waugh.
Edited by Michael Davie.
Little, Brown (818 pp., $17.50).

Note: The following of Evelyn Waugh's reprinted novels are all published by Little, Brown in both a hardcover edition at $8.95 and a paperback at $3.95, save for The Loved One, *costing $7.95 and $2.95):* Decline and Fall *(first published in 1928);* Vile Bodies *(1930);* Black Mischief *(1932);* A Handful of Dust *(1934);* Scoop *(1938);* Put Out More Flags *(1942);* The Loved One *(1948).*

Boston's Back Baymen and Philadelphia's Main Liners once had a noble go at snobbery, but for the real article nothing could touch the bully prejudices of public school Brits. *Wogs begin in Calais,* they'd say, and for the sons and daughters of Empire how many kinds and characters of wogs there were! For the schoolboy Evelyn Waugh, not yet 17, homegrown Hottentots, an "appalling little Jew" and "an engaging little Jewish oik" appear on a single page of his diary. On a trip to Greece, he endured his first American, remarking that "I did not think anyone outside Wales could be so awful." But, within days, he would visit a friend in Athens whose "flat is usually full of dreadful Dago youths called by heroic names such as Miltiades and Agamemnon with blue chins and greasy clothes who sleep with the English colony for 25 drachmas a night."

Exposure to such miserable troglodytes resolved Waugh, then 23, to return home and shut himself up forever in the British Isles. But this was not to be. Circumstances combined with his contempt for his countrymen (at least the equal of his contempt for such foreigners as the "wop highbrow [Alberto] Moravia") to send him abroad again and again, bringing home such curios for ridicule as Ethiopians (*Scoop* and *Black Mischief*) and Americans (*The Loved One*).

Waugh, even-handed, found a little something to hate in almost everyone. A character in his first novel, *Decline and Fall,* admits to "a certain prejudice against the lower orders. It is quite true. I *do* feel deeply on the subject. You see, I married one of them." For Waugh, "the lower orders" consisted of humankind. One day, as an adolescent, he was at frolic with a friend by a river bank and expostulated, "what wonderful stuff mud is . . . To think that God, with a world of mud, went and shaped a man!"

In Waugh, God shaped a most loyal servant—a Catholic convert whose faith in church doctrine was as unswerving as was Mr. Joyboy's faith in the mortuary practices of *The Loved One*'s Whispering Glades. What Anthony Burgess has called "a self-taught aristocrat," Waugh was born into the hated middle-class, educated at a second-rank public school (Lancing) and a second-class college (Hertford) at Oxford, where he would have received a third-class degree, had he stuck around to receive it.

His early life piled failure upon humiliation. In the shadow of his elder brother Alec (also a writer), he could not even, despite strenuous dissipation, equal this early bloomer in scandal. Evelyn Waugh ran up debts, drank himself senseless, was cashiered from squalid jobs at squalid schools and earned the disrespect of his father Arthur, a man of letters who combined flatulent rhetoric with high probity, and who directed the publishing firm Chapman & Hall. This company published Waugh's *Decline and Fall* just in time to save him from terminal sub-mediocrity as an apprentice carpenter.

Decline and Fall, a fantastical and farcical tale of a good man among scoundrels, was composed under the whip of Waugh's determination to marry another Evelyn, this the daughter of a peer. He needed some money and he needed a name, and *Decline and Fall* brought him a bit of both, as well as the satisfaction of his suit for the one his friends called "She-Evelyn." After 13 months, his wife left him for another man, while he was at work on *Vile Bodies,* whose publication in 1930 would bring him celebrity as one of the Bright Young Things his novel excoriated, together with a freedom from want which would endure till his death on Easter, 1966.

PICTORIAL PARADE

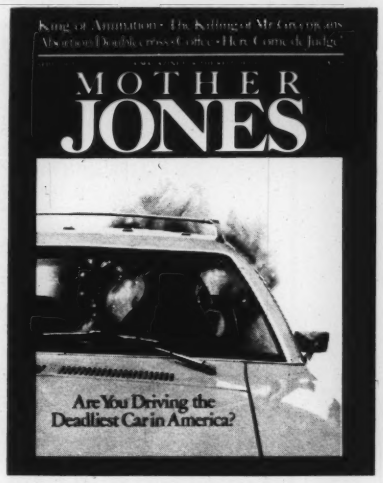
Waugh: a powerfully observant artist with contempt for mudkind

His wife's betrayal was a life-long humiliation, and its traces are to be found throughout his work, but no more explicitly than in his best novel, *A Handful of Dust.* This fiction is more fully written than any of the episodic sketch-collections that precede it, yet it does not suffer that fruity lushness that gives to *Brideshead Revisited* its overripe scent. It is a masterful study of a very good man, Tony Last, ruined by a very bad woman, his wife Brenda, arguably the most stupidly wicked woman in 20th Century English fiction.

Waugh's anger at his first wife never seemed to relax. He was remarried—and happily and for good, in 1937—yet as late as 1962 he was sniping at She-Evelyn. The occasion was a *Paris Review* interview: "I went through a form of marriage and traveled about Europe for some months with this consort." Well: he took a European honeymoon with her, and when his travel observations from that trip were published in America, he called them *A Bachelor Abroad.*

No one, that is, would choose him for an enemy. His powers of discrimination were formidable, and he had a special nose for humbug. Such of his friends as Harold Acton and Graham Greene and Anthony Powell and Maurice Bowra all remarked on his precision of speech, his capacity to speak formed and finished periods. These powers were many times and in many ways abused: Waugh was a bully, a snob, a predator on the weak as well as the powerful. He was in person said to be a charmless W.C. Fields disguised as a clubman, and even the class whose approbation he courted (but which—to give him his due—he relentlessly abused) did not find it easy to love him. An American critic mentioned Waugh's name to some Colonel Blimp

RAISE HELL WITH MOTHER JONES!



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or another and was asked, "Wasn't he that little pink chap who used to show off on the hunting field?"

He would not add up to much had he not been a writer of extraordinary gifts. These are not easy to summarize. *Vile Bodies* and *Decline and Fall* are no doubt his best-known novels, but I find them badly shop-worn and creakingly mechanistic, advancing their arbitrary episodes of farcical bad conduct with clumsy jerks of exposition, often by the technique of questions and answers. But even these, both of them too long by at least half, have their moments, the sound of a voice that could belong to no one else, reason enough for any piece of work to have been made. In *Decline and Fall* it's heard on the opening page, the mention of Oxford undergraduates stoning to death a fox cub with champagne bottles. Or the throwaway reference to "Mrs. Beste-Chetwynde's second-best Hispano Suiza." In *Vile Bodies* it is the death of the newspaper gossip columnist "Chatterbox," who sticks his head in a gas oven after filing a comically inaccurate and libelous report about a party from which he had been ejected.

Never one to neglect an opportunity to draw a bit of blood from Fleet Street and its grubs, Waugh narrates that even as Chatterbox, the last Earl of Balcairn, died to the smell of meat in his unclean kitchen stove, sub-editors at the *Daily Excess*, to make room for the wretched man's social fictions, "suppressed important political announcements, garbled the evidence at a murder trial, reduced the dramatic criticism to one caustic paragraph. . . ." Then, in a passage that redeems for this book its too-cute names and sophomoric japes, the last Earl "went, as they say, to his fathers (who had fallen in many lands and for many causes, as the eccentricities of British Foreign Policy and their own wandering natures had directed them: at Acre and Agincourt and Killiecrankie, in Egypt and America. One had been picked white by fishes as the tides rolled him among the tree-tops of a submarine forest; some had grown black and unfit for consideration under tropical suns; while many of them lay in marble tombs of extravagant design.")

He cared only, as he many times insisted, about words, and their fit disposition on the page. He had no wish to be a psychologist or social fix-it. He wanted to write well, and for him that meant to write accurately and elegantly. Yet the world, as he understood it, was false and awkward.

The lacuna between his expectations and his experiences, recorded in his diary, is gross, almost unfathomable. In Waugh's autobiography of his youth, *A Little Learning*, he wrote of his companions at Lancing that "I did not admire the other boys. I did not want to be like them. But, in contradiction, I wanted to be one of them. I had no aspirations to excel, still less to lead; I simply longed to remain myself and yet to be accepted as one of this distasteful mob."

Like Fitzgerald's Gatsby, Waugh attempted to create his own Platonic ideal. Edmund Wilson, who was one of Waugh's most important enthusiasts (and whom Waugh repaid by calling him an "insignificant Yank"), understood this particular aspect of character as it bore upon Waugh's art: the son of the middle class clubbing with peers was an outsider, with the result that "everything is created in his work, nothing is taken for granted."

Yet the work itself, at its best, has the knowing effortlessness of an inside job. *Scoop*, my favorite after *A Handful of Dust*, is the most accurate and cruel portrait available of foreign correspondents in the cry of full heat during a bitty little war someplace or other (Ethiopia). Nor has its equal for sharp observation of the customs and vanities of big-time journalism been written.

Black Mischief, about the coronation of the Emperor Seth of Azania, puts to rout the excesses of Bokassa I of the Central African Empire, and is a good deal more candid in its prejudices than the recent news reports of Bokassa's coronation. What fun Waugh had at the expense of people he liked to regard as savages; nor did he spare the drink-bloated clerks sent to the colonies to save their servants from darkness. So that Emperor Seth's Imperial Banquet in welcome of Cruelty to Animals (his misreading of the name of the society given over to prevention of same) is arranged according to the alphabet of vitamins *A* ("Tin Sardines") through *D* ("Hot Sheep and Onions") unto *H* ("Jam"). He has learned to be modern; the joke's on the teacher as well as the student. But this is not to dilute the blunt force of Waugh's racism, characterized by such nastiness as his description of "fuzzy heads, jolly nigger-minstrel faces."

The conventional wisdom has it that Waugh was a writer of consummate refinement, but I find him frequently blunt, brutal and childish. *The Loved One* is enormously overrated, just the thing for the movie Terry Southern wrote from it, full of heavy and worn-out college humor-mag jokes about American tastelessness. And I'm not at all confident that Waugh's much admired comic timing is all that exquisite in most of his novels, always excepting *Scoop* and *A Handful of Dust*.

And what kind is that? George Orwell, at the time of his death in 1950, had been planning a long essay, which he never wrote, about Waugh. In his notes for that essay, he remarked that Waugh was about as good as a novelist could be while holding untenable positions. Ten years earlier, Orwell's "Inside the Whale" had suggested what he meant: "The difference between . . . Celine and Evelyn Waugh is a difference of emotional intensity. It is the difference between genuine despair and a despair that is at least partly a pretence."

Here's the problem, then: Was Waugh in truth a miserable bastard, or did he merely pretend to be? His friends have often concluded that he was in truth a sweet and gentle man whose bitterness was a front, and who longed only for a time now past and an England of harmony and order and good craftsmanship and faith in the God of the Jesuits. I don't believe this for a minute, though it's possible that Waugh himself did. He was a hater: His diary reveals a bully, a cad, a man indifferent and often brutishly hostile to his children, a frequently false friend, a bigot and sometime careerist. (He frequently threatened to emigrate, especially to Ireland, and only gave up the notion in 1947, when he decided that, "if I am to be a national figure I must stay home. Americans would lose interest in an emigrant and the Irish would not be interested.")

On the other hand, to give him his due, he refused to suck up more than just a very little bit to those whose positions he envied, and he was, for the most part, as savage to the upper as to the lower orders. Not unfriendly to publicity about his work, he never broke the habit—which he never had inclination, bless him, to break—of referring to all television people, executives, as well as grips, as "electricians." He was physically as well as intellectually fearless, generous with his possessions and enjoyed what an English critic has called an "honorable willingness to think the unthinkable."

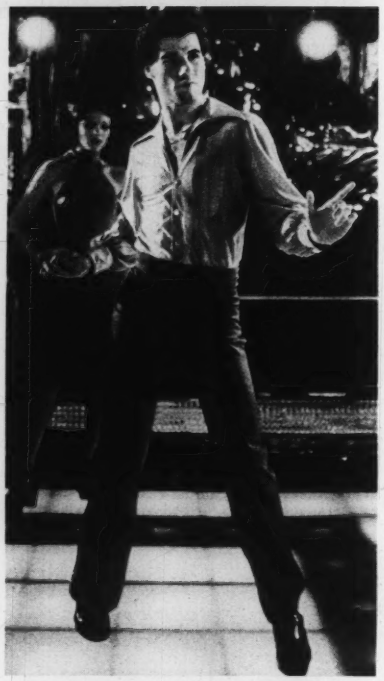
Most important to the now certain survival of his reputation as an artist is his high energy. This invested in any character he chose to create an excitement, so that whatever Waugh's contempt for the mud from which he made them, and however closely they might resemble hated and fallen Man, his characters have the greatest of all virtues, and the only one that finally matters to a writer, or should matter to a reader: They are interesting. And for being interesting, they are also, *mirabile dictu*, loveable, a word I use to punish Waugh even as I advertise his fabrications. ●

Movies/by Richard Corliss

SATURDAY NIGHT CLEAVER

Before prehistoric man could talk, he communicated by dance; then by grunts; then, failing all else, fists. And these are pretty much the modes of expression favored by Tony Manero (John Travolta) and his Brooklyn pals in **Saturday Night Fever**. At its best, the movie itself has a raw, belligerent, Neanderthal energy and grace: the kinetic energy of a proletarian stud like Tony as he strides down the street, with the camera's wide-angle lens distorting and beatifying his every sensual move; the synthetic grace of Tony's disco solo, with its most spectacular steps moving out of Broadway pizzazz and into shticks swiped from the lithe dudes on *Soul Train*—homage from a hip Italo-American to the jungle sophistication of Afro-American showbiz. When Tony's in his element, in the Odyssey discotheque, that's when he's irresistible, animal-sexy, red hot in his white three-piece suit and his electric blue eyes. That's when a sweet Veronica of a groupie approaches this dancing messiah to ask if she can mop the sweat from his face. That's when Tony feels most alive, when he can get ecstatically out of himself—which is where he wants to get, because when he's not on the dance floor Tony is just another neighborhood nobody, in a nothing job, with dreams no headier than that of becoming the oldest salsa king in Bay Ridge.

Vinnie Barbarino, Travolta's character on *Welcome Back, Kotter*, looks to have the world in his hip pocket—but it's the microcosm of a Brooklyn high school. Vinnie is the kind of gorgeous dope who would be voted Most Popular in School *and* Least Likely to Succeed once the Senior Prom is over and he's out on his own. Now Travolta has graduated and gradated Vinnie: you don't just laugh at Tony; crying and screaming are also permitted. But still there's that untouched soul tucked into the tight jeans of a humpy young man, only here the dance floor has replaced the classroom as his stage and escape hatch. *There* he's a star. But around the dinner table at home he's just a supporting player in the cast of a crazy lower-middle-class family out of Albert Innaurato or Clifford Odets.



Travolta: Get ready for the poster

And even at the Odyssey he's treated as little more than a pesty kid brother by the girl of his dreams, Stephanie (Karen Lynn Gorney), who's six months older and has a job in Manhattan. Manhattan! Suddenly *that* becomes Tony's dream: to make that impossible leap all the way across the East River—with Stephanie by his side, maybe. (And what will he do when he gets there, with no job in sight and precious few marketable skills? That's another dream, and another movie.)

Norman Wexler (who based his screenplay on an article by former *New Times* movie critic Nik Cohn) is something like a lyric poet of grossness. In *Joe*, *Serpico*, *Mandingo* and *Drum*, and here too, he has fashioned imaginative variations on gutter *patois* into a surreal street music. But Wexler's scripts have a weakness for the apocalyptic conclusion: death and destruction are the inevitable results of the quaint folkways he so lovingly describes. It's as if, halfway through *Saturday Night Fever*, he realized it was still only a grungy, R-rated *Happy Days*. So the movie turns violent and moralistic, punishing its characters for their low-life hell-raising and shaking its finger at the audience for enjoying what it took to be simply the wages of fun. Tony's friends can't just have casual sex; they've got to gang-bang a pleasant party girl (Donna Pescow, in a fine performance) who only wants to be Tony's dance partner. They can't be your typical happy-go-schmucky street punks; they've got to have a catastrophic rumble with the *wrong* rival gang. Tony's one sensitive friend can't just be high-strung; he's got to take a swan dive off the Verrazano Bridge. All this to help Tony decide to move to Manhattan? Give that boy a subway token—and give Wexler a pair of mittens the next time he approaches his typewriter to inflict his Big Bang theory on a good, small movie.

If you forget the explosions of hackneyed melodrama in the last part of the movie, you'll see how closely *Saturday Night Fever* hews to the tradition of the Fred Astaire–Ginger Rogers musicals of the thirties. The famous dancer (Fred, Tony) falls in love, at first sight, with the beautiful girl (Ginger, Stephanie) who doesn't know or care that he exists; their courtship is carried out on the dance floor, with its progression expressed and propelled through the movement of their dance numbers. But *Saturday Night Fever* has trouble updating the genre. Travolta is, perhaps, an Astaire of the hustle, substituting his own carnal magnetism for Astaire's precision and artistry. And Travolta perfectly integrates his persona, his character and his dancing; when Astaire had to stop moving to deliver dialogue he often was clumsy, ill-at-ease, stand-offish, surprisingly like Stan Laurel. But Karen Lynn Gorney is no Ginger Rogers; she's more like Brenda Morgenstern in Capezios. She's got all the steps down, but none of the feeling; she's all will and no grace. It's as if she learned disco dancing in a remedial class at the High School of the Performing Arts.

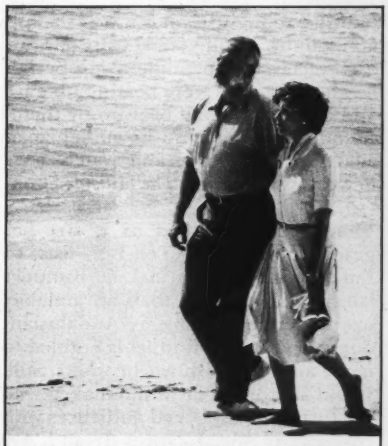
Tony and Stephanie's duet should be the picture's emotional climax: it's meant both to bring them together as lovers and to prove they're the best dancers in town. Well, they do fall in love, and for all we know their feet never touch the ground. But we have no way of knowing—we never *see* their feet. The scene dissolves into a dream-image of cheek-to-cheek ballroom dancing. Maybe this image is supposed to cinch the Astaire–Rogers connection—to animate the feeling of "la belle, la perfectly swell romance"—but it only makes us aware of how little director John Badham trusts Gorney's dancing. Travolta and Gorney come

The Best of '77

1. **Aguirre, the Wrath of God.** Werner Herzog's dizzyingly beautiful study of conquistadorial madness in 1560s Peru. As in the best drama, this is a madness viewed both from the inside (so we can feel the pull of Aguirre's dream) and from the outside (so we can see the spectacular rubble when the dream turns to suicidal obsession). Germany; New Yorker Films.

2. **Padre Padrone.** How an illiterate Sardinian shepherd boy defies his brutal father and the laws of probability to become a professor of languages. Lucid, terrifying, inspirational in the best sense. Made by Paolo and Vittorio Taviani. Italy; Cinema 5.

3. **Heart of Glass.** Herzog's craziest, most visually delirious film is also known in these parts as Corliss' Folly of '77. It played in New York for five days, to almost universal derision. Go see it, if you can. Germany; New Yorker Films.



4. **Islands in the Stream.** Director Franklin Schaffner and screenwriter Denne Bart Petticlerc force Hemingway's macho masculinity to confront itself in a romantic, melancholy movie, superbly acted by George C. Scott, David Hemmings, Michael James Wixted. U.S.; Paramount.

5. **Close Encounters of the Third Kind.** Steven Spielberg, the Pinocchio of Hollywood *wunderkinder*, proves he has a heart and turns into a real live boy. All you have to do is wish upon a star. U.S.; Columbia.

6. **Annie Hall.** Woody Allen and Diane Keaton as the Rock Hudson and Doris Day of the seventies. A couple of New York neurotics managed to evoke laughs and tears in suburban shopping centers everywhere. The film's message—Woody Allen Loves New York—proved a healthy antidote to the city's bad PR this past year. U.S.; United Artists.

7. **In the Realm of the Senses.** A couple of Tokyo neurotics go the way of all flesh. This is, yes, the movie with the onscreen castration, the movie the U.S. Customs Department tried to keep out of the country, the movie whose intense commitment to the love-sex bond between two people made a lot of sophisticates chuckle up their kimonos. But it's one of the few tales about doomed lovers for which the word "tragic" is deserved. See it with someone you love—someone with a strong heart and a stronger stomach. Japan; Argos Films.

8. **The Turning Point.** A valentine to menopause (female, for a change). It waxes eloquent on the subjects of marriage, friendship, children, careers and the making of delicate compromises—the stuff of middle-class life, which you won't often find on the big screen. (At home you can see it every week on *Family*.) The year's best script, by Arthur Laurents, and best female performance, by Shirley MacLaine. U.S.; Twentieth Century-Fox.

9. **Welcome to L.A.** Writer-director Alan Rudolph is a hip archaeologist studying the glyphs on the walls of the California upper-middle class as it sinks into the Sandoz Fault; the writing is very small, and almost illegible, but it reads HELP. A movie full of tease and sympathies, well acted by Keith Carradine, Sally Kellerman, Geraldine Chaplin, John Considine. U.S.; Lions' Gate Films.

10. **Handle With Care** (formerly 'Citizens Band'). The year's most purely enjoyable movie, about the nighttime, audio identities of some of the Sunbelt's flakier citizens. Should win a Supporting-Actor Oscar for its entire cast. Written by Paul Brickman, and directed by Jonathan Demme, with a craftsmanship and sense of high spirits that characterized the best of Old Hollywood. They *can* make movies like they used to! But almost nobody will go to see them. U.S.; Paramount.

And **Honorable Mention** to: 11. *Special Delivery.* 12. *Conversation Piece.* 13. *One Sings, the Other Doesn't.* 14. *Outrageous.* 15. *Fellini Casanova.* 16. *The Man Who Loved Women.* 17. *The Spy Who Loved Me.* 18. *The American Friend.* 19. *New York, New York.* 20. *Stunts.*

PHOTOS: CINEMA 5 (#2); FILM SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER (#4, 6, 7); 20TH CENTURY-FOX (#8); LIONS GATE FILMS (#9).

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Saturday Night Fever is only a grungy, R-rated *Happy Days*

across as two middle-aged folks box-stepping their way through a church social—like LaBelle and perfectly swell Bert Lance. And, even on its own terms, the dream scene doesn't make sense: Tony, having won first prize, decides he doesn't deserve it. Maybe the life of a disco dervish isn't all he thought it was. But what does he have left? Just a long skid down Desolation Row, and into the soft-focus Cloud Cuckooland of Manhattan's Upper West Side. The movie can't deal with its clockwork tragedies any more than it can avoid them.

Fortunately, the beat of the movie and the rhythm of Travolta's rough-diamond dynamism is likely to stay with you long after you've forgotten the contrivances of Hollywood retribution. You'll drift back to the early part of the movie, happy to leave Tony back on the street, measuring out his life in 4/4 time, hustlin' and stayin' alive. As the old song says: "Well it's Saturday night and I just got paid,/ Fool about my money, don't try to save./ My heart says 'Go, go, have a time,'/ Cause it's Saturday night and I'm feelin' fine."

THE REST OF '77

High Anxiety. Once upon a time, Mel Brooks and Gene Wilder made beautiful comedy together: in *The Producers*, *Blazing Saddles* and *Young Frankenstein*. Alas, neither has fared as well on his own. Wilder is no great shakes as a comedy director; and Brooks is—believe it or not—too *normal* as an antic leading man. *High Anxiety* is a flaccid homage-parody of Hitchcock movies. For snappier homages, see *Charade*, *Arabesque*, *Sisters*, even Wilder's own plodding *Silver Streak*; for wickeder parodies, see *Private Parts*, *The Phantom of the Paradise* and a student film called *Suspension*, which in 25 minutes reprises all the famous Hitchcock sequences Brooks sends up at much greater length and expense, and to less effect.

The Gauntlet. Remember those ballets of comic carnage, the Road Runner cartoons? Film them in live action, substitute human figures for the dirty bird and the wily coyote, and you've got the new Clint Eastwood movie. Eastwood isn't so artful a director as cartoonist Chuck Jones, and *The Gauntlet* moves about as fast as Elmer Fudd after a dish of rabbit stew, but the violent scenes are just as mammoth—and just as believable. Do you believe a hundred cops could shoot rounds of ammo into a passenger bus sheltering Eastwood and his lady—and nobody thinks to shoot the tires out from under the bus? Do you believe the Eastwood character is a broken-down loser, with stubble on his chin and a whiskey bottle in his hand—when this is exactly the way Eastwood has played his *heroes* for the past decade? You needn't believe. You can simply try to enjoy the image of this All-American tough guy approach 50 with his dignity and his 32-inch waist intact, and dragging the last of the white action-movie audience along with him.

Telefon. If the Eastwood movie is a cartoon, *Telefon* is a cloudy-gray watercolor left out in the rain. Both Charles Bronson, the star, and Don Siegel, the director, have contributed their stolid grace to good movies in the past. But here they seem to have forgotten how to build tension with a steely grimace or some deft characterizations. All that's left is a who-cares espionage movie that may help shut-ins pass a few leisurely hours when it shows up, soon enough, on televizh.

The Choirboys. In the old gung-ho World War II movies, Our Side usually consisted of second-generation Jews, Irishmen, Italians, Poles, Southern yokels, and the natural-born leader, a small-town mid-American WASP. In this new-breed cop movie, the squad is made up of second-class racists, sadists, sexists and masochists; the natural-born leader is a semi-noble Archie Bunker. *The Choirboys* is touted as a comedy, possibly by the same people who thought Kent State was a million laughs. Mind you, at least one audience chortled throughout—especially when the cops were beating up gays and blacks, or being beat up by them. Avoid the movie, and its audience, at all costs; stay home and watch TV's newest suspense hit, *The Hillside Strangler*.

That Obscure Object of Desire has graced quite a few Ten-Best lists, so I'm reluctant to see in Luis Bunuel's latest film no more than an amiable, over-extended shaggy-Andalusian-dog story. At 77, Bunuel is entitled to make any kind of movie he wants. Still, I find it ironic that a filmmaker who for forty years shocked audiences with coruscating social satires (from *L'Age d'Or* in 1930 to *Belle de Jour* in 1967) should have become the mildest of raconteurs in his chair days—and that the passion of his derision should have given way to movies celebrating the discreet charm of the bourgeoisie. It's an irony so gentle that the old, serene Bunuel may develop it into his next movie.

Records/by Jim Miller

FROM PUNK TO PUB

Throughout the seventies, pop fashion has been periodically renewed by rumors of resurrection, some new performer or genre deemed capable of giving new life to rock & roll. It has almost become a predictable pattern, although we writers continue to respond as if the latest fad were the "real thing," unlike Bette Midler, the New York Dolls, Bruce Springsteen and all the others who have come before but somehow fallen short of durable glory. The latest genre to make the rounds is punk rock, and the newest group, the Sex Pistols. Preceded by a cover story in *Rolling Stone* and reassuring reports of grass-roots notoriety, the Pistols have finally arrived on record in the United States, with **Never Mind the Bollocks Here's the Sex Pistols** (Warner Bros.).

Despite presenting a striking portrait of punk, this is an oddly joyless debut. Risky feelings, forbidden thoughts, hot licks and hit singles are all sadly deadened by one fatal flaw: monotony—a numbing sameness that virtually smothers the explosive energy that won the Sex Pistols such infamy in the first place.

As a single, "God Save the Queen" was a shot of adrenalin aimed at pure nothingness. Johnny Rotten sang "no future" as if he meant it to be our common, glorious doom (depressions, revolutions and world wars have this advantage: even the underprivileged and apolitical get to participate in world history). On the album, by contrast, "God Save the Queen" closes side one on the same fuzzy note of overamplified outrage that began it. What as a single expressed a democracy of libertine nullities, on the album evokes a more personal, and less interesting, choice of premature senility. Such artless nihilism may galvanize audiences in Great Britain, but transferred to vinyl, shipped overseas and reiterated 12 times, the same passions seem more dull than dangerous: once shocked, twice bored.

That punk needn't spell tedium is proven by the surprisingly jaunty new album by the Ramones, America's punk pacesetters. Previously, the Ramones, like the Sex Pistols, have suffered from overkill. But **Rocket to Russia** (Sire) solves that problem through adroit production, overdubbing sleighbells and handclaps here and there to give all those droning guitars and voices definition and variety. For the first time, hit-parade hopes do not seem implausible: "Rockaway Beach" has the sound of Top 40 etched in its falsetto choruses, although the punk junkiness remains appealingly intact (the vapid irony of the teen lyrics helps, too). Thanks to such consistently snappy doses of sophisticated mindlessness, *Rocket to Russia* is recommended for newcomers curious to explore the brave new world of punk.

Unfortunately, most of the other punks so far seem incompetent lyrically as well as musically to move beyond one-shot poses, best appreciated on singles. Of course, these poses can be provocative: the punks have already shocked the music industry and fascinated its retinue of critics, if only because they have restored a welcome semblance of surprise to a scene that thrives on novelty and the contagious enthusiasm of recently converted fans. Whether most of the punk rockers have the ability to reach further than the moment they have already seized, however, is another question entirely.

No doubts about ability surround Britain's other contribution to the New Wave, the *pub* rock of Graham Parker and Elvis Costello. While pub bands share with punks an aversion to the rock establishment, their musical craft is usually a matter of no small pride to them. Where punk rockers like the Sex Pistols discard the niceties of polished pop in favor of a bludgeoning attack, pub rockers lovingly manipulate the details and conventions of pop, from Mersey beat to Memphis soul and Jamaican reggae.

Elvis Costello is the most intriguing of the current pub rockers, in part because of the deliberate air of mystery surrounding him. On **My Aim is True** (Columbia), the accompanying band goes uncredited, the lyrics unprinted. The listener is left contemplating what might as well be a scrawny Clark Kent posing as Buddy Holly on the album cover. Who is this man, where did he come from, and why is his first name Elvis?

Costello's songs are equally curious miniatures, speaking of love perverted as often as hope frustrated. Unlike Graham Parker, Costello prefers cryptic compression to existential anthems. Yet his music scarcely sounds academic, either, in the way the pub rock of Dave Edmunds often does. "Allison," one of the richest, most affecting rock ballads I've heard this year, is the kind of simple but touching statement one can't imagine coming from any other pub or punk rocker . With his flair for variety and his daft sense of humor, Elvis Costello has made an auspiciously idiosyncratic debut—and a thoroughly listenable album. ●

ILLUSTRATION BY PHYLLIS HERFIELD

Buck Up! Never Say Die! We'll Get Along!/by Peter W. Kaplan

FINAL TRIBUTE

I've spent hours, days, weeks, looseleafs by the dozens trying to draw Chaplin. It's not idle hobby: the shadow image haunts. His movies were not the literal representations that most pictures became after 1927; they were dreams. His body, kicking, hopping, growing and shrinking follows like dreams I think I've had, and the face (oh those coal-chunk eyes should be *easy* to reproduce!) grins and gazes when I really do drop off to sleep.

He has no name; the quaint references to the "Little Tramp" and worse, "The Little Fellow" were insultingly tinny. It was the curls that mattered, and the world to be spoken in his face. In the instant that his Kid is taken away, the terror of violent injustice is forever appointed; when he makes bread rolls dance in *The Gold Rush*, he's marked self-knowing nonchalance; when he encases the villain's head in a gaslight in *Easy Street*, he's all the earnest righteousness that's ever steadfastly hoped to serve.

Chaplin's awful childhood beginnings brought him to Dickensian purpose: no other popular entertainer was ever so forceful in imposing his self-realized ideas of goodness. Once he learned to talk in pictures, he became uncontrollable—trying, in his soft pipe of a voice, to weave a humanitarianism that he had surpassed with the tender violence of his primitive shorts. We allowed him to speak because he was Chaplin, but it was the vision that mattered. "Look up, Hannah! The clouds are lifting! The sun is breaking through! We are coming out of the darkness into the light! We are coming into a new world—a kindlier world where men will rise above their greed, their hate and their brutality!": in a sweating, passionate close-up, Chaplin spoke to the world in the last five minutes of *The Great Dictator*.

The opening shot of *Modern Times*, dissolved workers trooping to the factory into sheep. Chaplin championed the Second Front, campaigned for Henry Wallace, privately said that he expected the fall of capitalism. He made the antimaterialist *Monsieur Verdoux*, announced that the state had destroyed the individual, scorned that when it came to immorality, "numbers sanctify." He was called by HUAC; "I am," he wrote them, "What you call a 'peacemonger.'"

The press tried to tear him apart, to show that poison flowed through his veins. It was like trying to bloodlet a butterfly. He had no genius for the insidious—Communists and priests merge in his *Autobiography*, and the villains are the boors—both Winston Churchill and Nikita Khrushchev are written as though they should be played by Mack Swain. "How does it feel," James Agee asked him at a 1947 press conference at which the preponderance of questions were viciously turned toward Communism, "to be an artist who has enriched the world with so much understanding of the little people, and to be derided and held up to hate and scorn by the so-called representatives of the American press?"

Even when he died last week, the so-called representatives were still at it. Hounding in death, *Time*'s essayist returned to the favorite turn-of-phrase/twist-of-knife stab that helped inspire his self-exile: "Chaplin had, in fact, become a backer of Soviet-American friendship meetings—provided, of course, that he could fellow-travel in first class." His private life was made public in a series of horrible ways, and we lost him and the pictures. The greatest creator of motion pictures simply vanished for a generation, and it was like an awful murder: we were left with scraps, clues, scratchy remnants of ancient two-reelers.

He got on the boat to Europe in 1952, sneaked aboard at 5:00 a.m. to escape process servers, and the innocent, eclectic genius was lost to us. Exiled was the revelation of the factory worker gone mad in *Modern Times*; exiled was the Pandora's box of animals from *The Circus*; the exquisite globe ballet in *The Great Dictator*; Martha Raye's crazily pitching rowboat from *Verdoux* and the last walk to the guillotine. Exiled was the most wrenchingly beautiful exchange in pictures, the greatest acting on film: the last scene in *City Lights*, in which illusion is shattered as a shield to the soul. Next to him the others were stylists—he who held the camera still so that we could fix our eyes on life. The etched, precise form—all so full of grace that Nijinsky came and sat fixated on his sets day after day—left, and the smile that was joy, and the eyes that knew injury intimately. He created an icon that will always live in dimensions beyond boundary, body and the shadows that projected light throws and he will never stop making his visitations. ●

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

It used to be only high tar cigarettes could deliver rich, satisfying tobacco flavor. Used to be—until MERIT.

Recent reports on 'Enriched Flavor' tobacco—the new taste technology of smoking—show most MERIT smokers are making the move directly from high tar cigarettes.

Many from brands they've enjoyed for years and years.

It seems MERIT is filling the taste void for these smokers, the most hard-to-please critics of low tar cigarettes.

Taste-tests among thousands of smokers show why.

Merit Matches Higher Tar Competition

Both MERIT and MERIT 100's were tested against a number of higher tar cigarettes.

Overall, smokers reported they liked the taste of both MERIT and MERIT 100's as much as the higher tar cigarettes tested.

Cigarettes having up to 60% more tar!

Only one cigarette has 'Enriched Flavor' tobacco. And you can taste it.

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MERIT

Kings & 100's